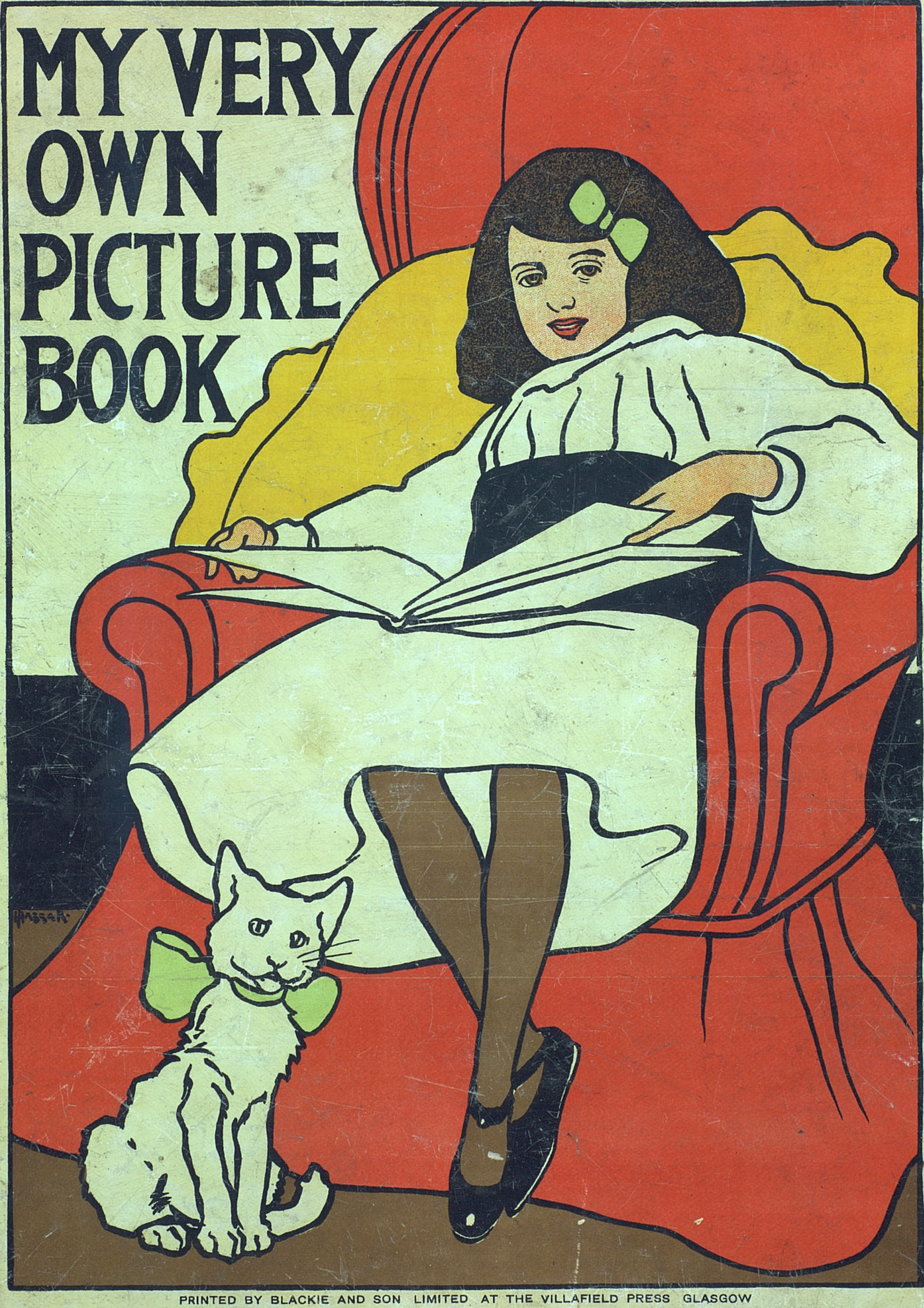
MY VERY OWN PICTURE BOOK



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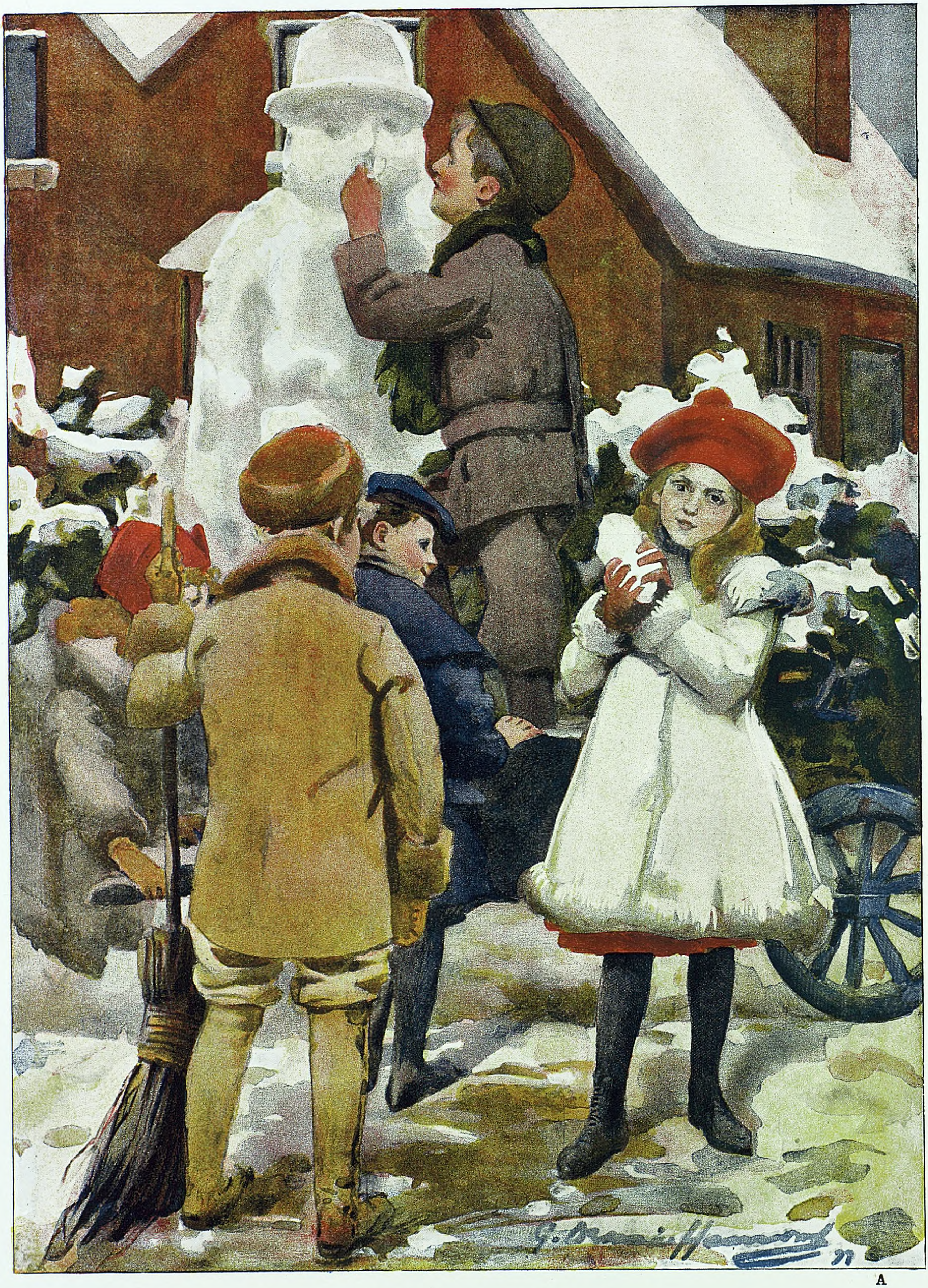


A

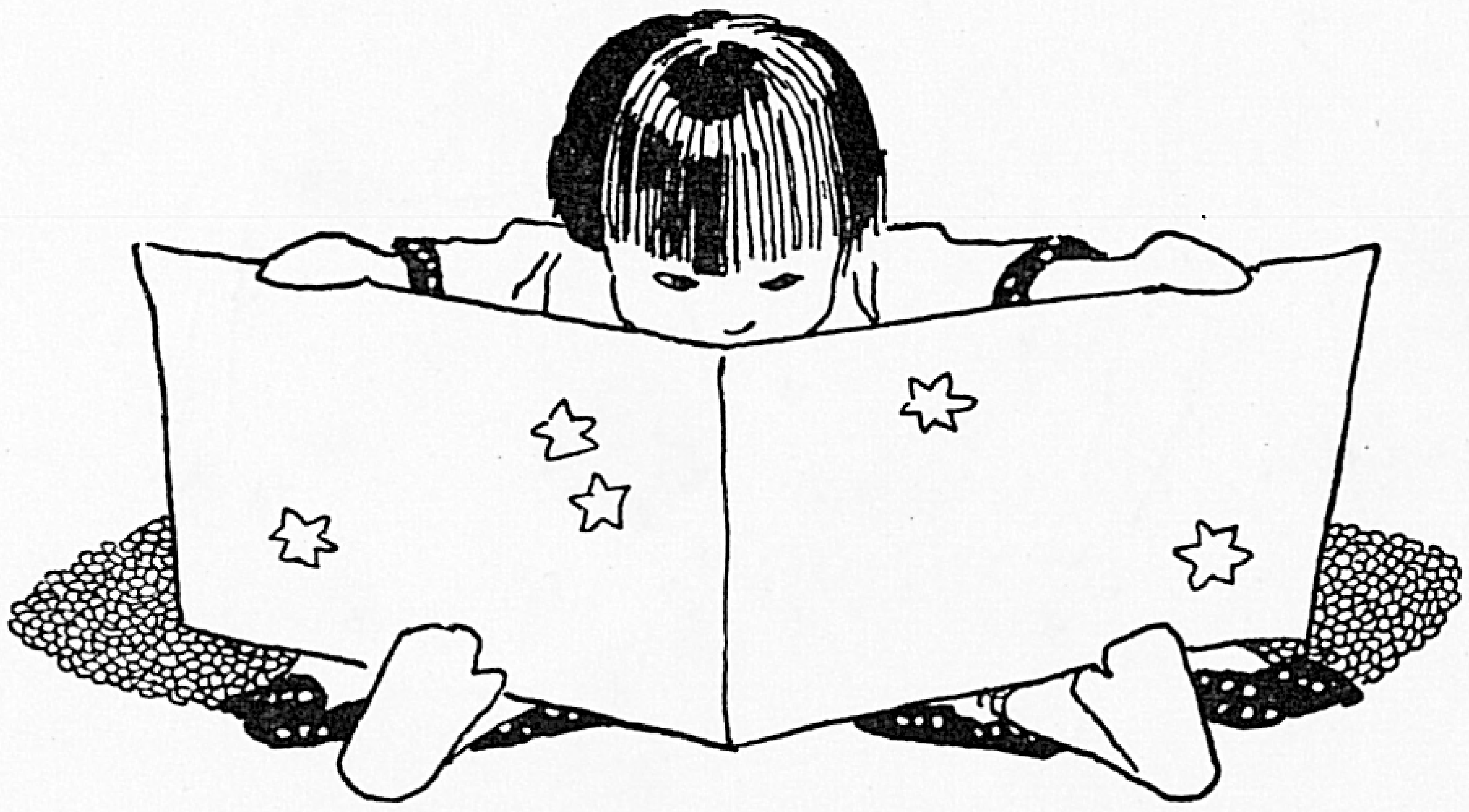
THE SNOW MAN.

My Very Own Picture-Book

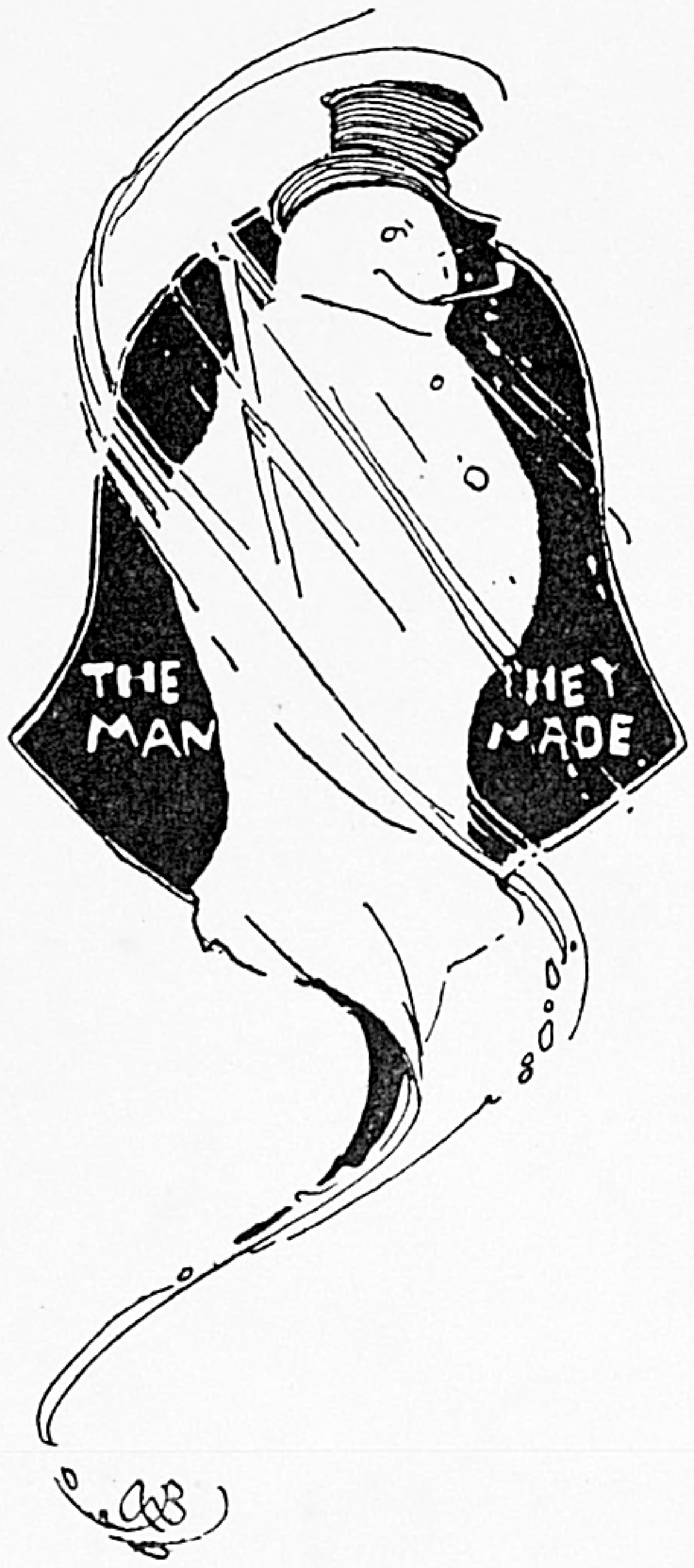
STORIES AND RHYMES FOR LITTLE FOLK

Sing a song of pictures,
In a pretty book,
Waiting for the little folk
To hurry up and look;
Pictures, rhymes, and stories,
The nicest ever known,
For merry eyes and laughing lips
To call "My very own".

BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED
LONDON GLASGOW AND DUBLIN



THE SNOW MAN.



WHAT is the matter, Alan?" Mrs. Bruce said to her little nephew, whom she found cowering over the fire, and looking as cross as could be.

"The others are so selfish!" he replied. "I wanted them to stay indoors and play dominoes, and they wouldn't. Wasn't it unkind, Auntie, for they couldn't *really* want to go out in the cold?"

Alan had lately come over from India, so that he did feel the cold very keenly. But Aunt Bessie knew that he would not get warm by sitting indoors all day, so she tried to persuade him to go out.

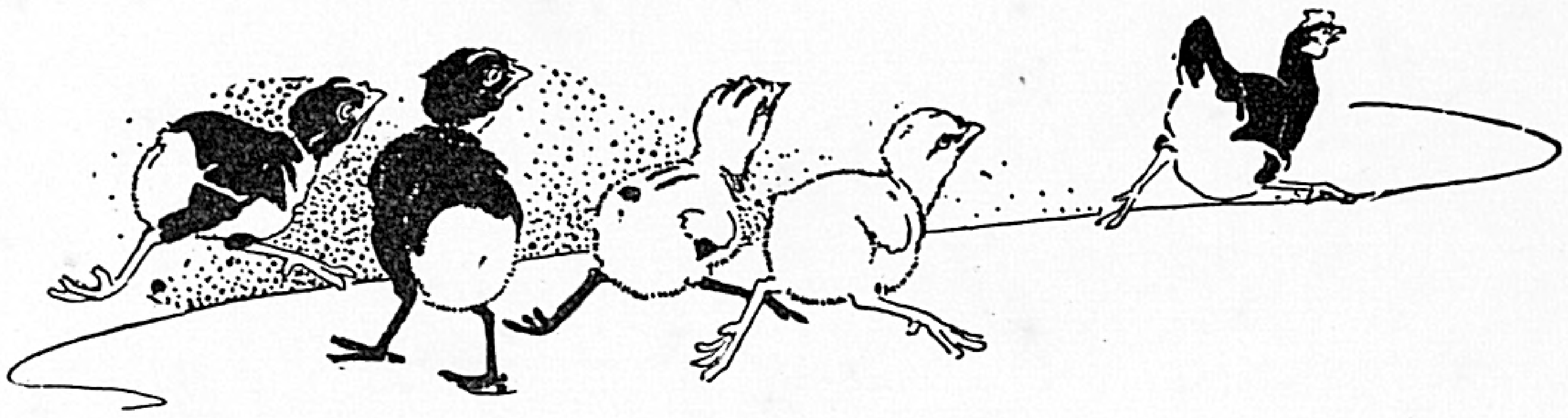
"You would soon feel as warm as toast," she said, smiling; "and besides, the others would be so pleased if you should go out!" Alan said nothing for a little while, and then he rose and kissed his aunt, and said:

"I'm sorry I was selfish, and I'll go out."

He thought that perhaps the others would not want him, as he had been so cross to them, but they welcomed him with shouts of delight, and very soon Alan had forgotten all about the cold, and was running to and fro helping to make a big snow man. When it was finished, Aunt Bessie was fetched to see it.

"Well, Alan," she said, "are you cold now?"

"Not a bit," he cried, "and I won't be such a duffer any more."

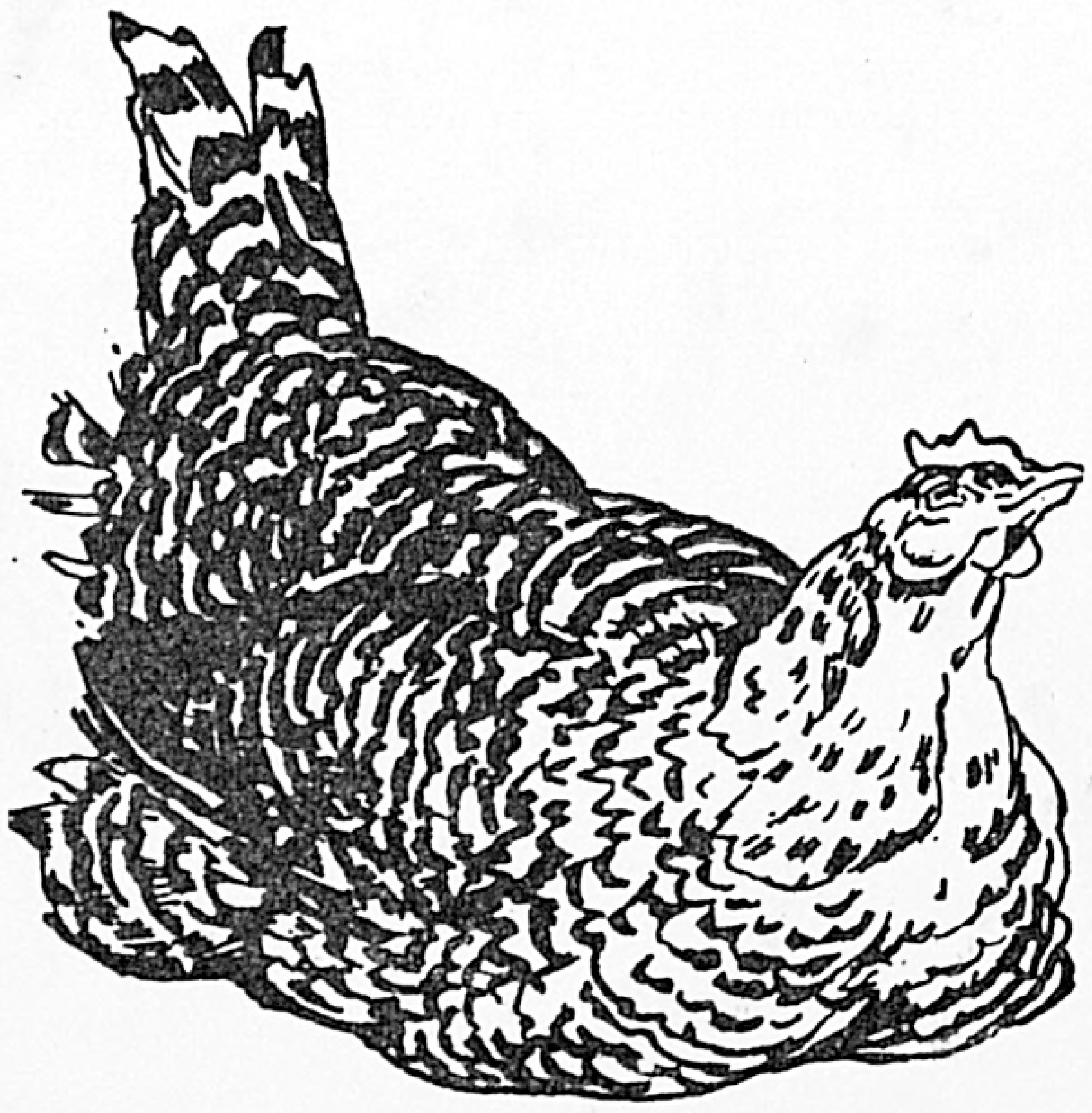


THE CLUCKING HEN.

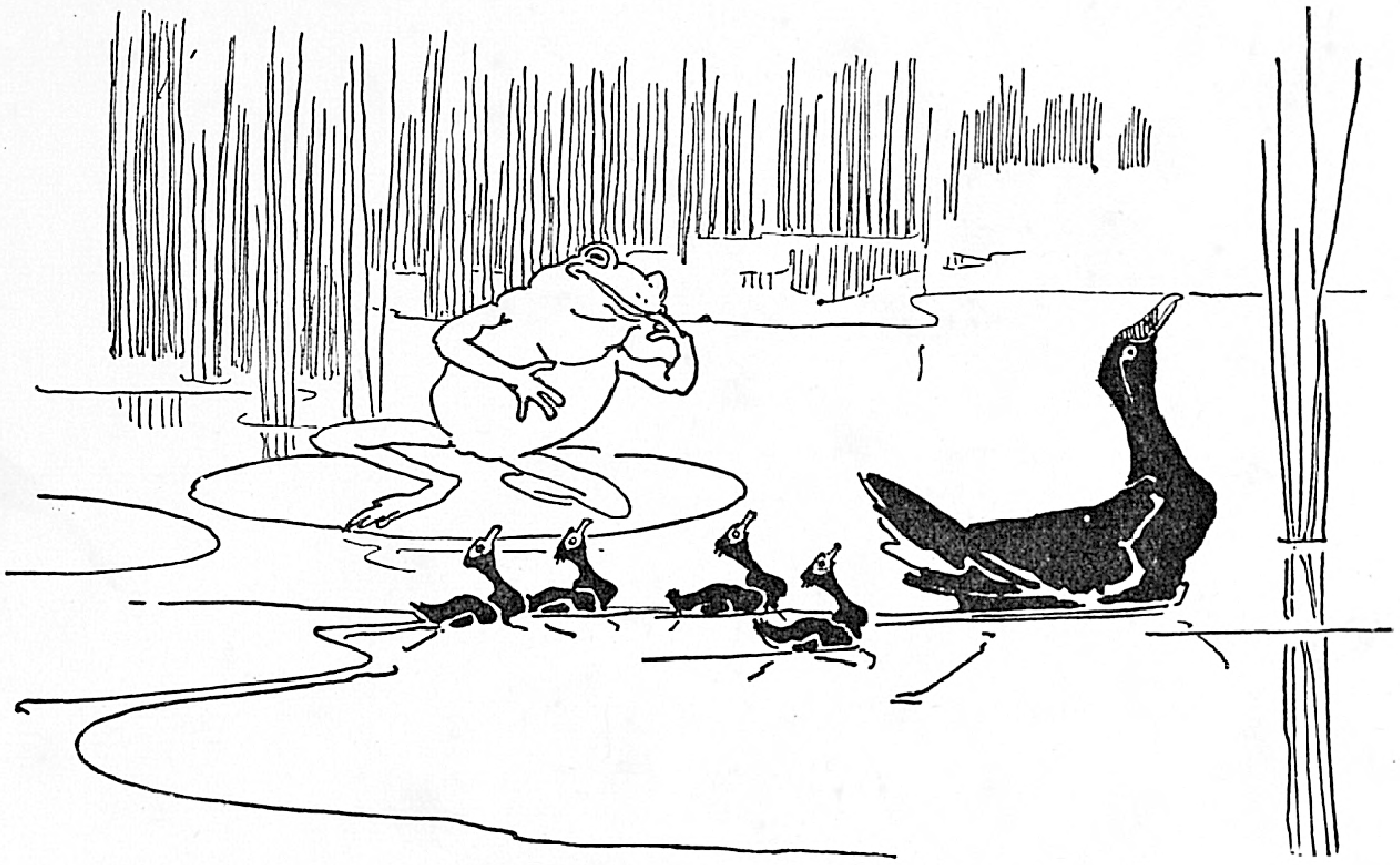
WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley field,
And hay-seed in the hay."
"Thank you," said the clucking hen,
"I've something else to do,
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
And I cannot walk with you."
Cock-a-doodle-doo! cock-a-doodle-doo!

The clucking hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay,
And warm and snug, beneath her breast,
A dozen white eggs lay.
Cock-a-doodle-doo! cock-a-doodle-doo!
Crack, crack, crack, went all the eggs,
Out dropped the chickens small.
"Cluck," then said the clucking hen,
"At last I have you all.

"Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with you."
"Hallo," said the barn-door cock.
Cock-a-doodle-doo! cock-a-doodle-doo!



—*Aunt Effie's Rhymes.*

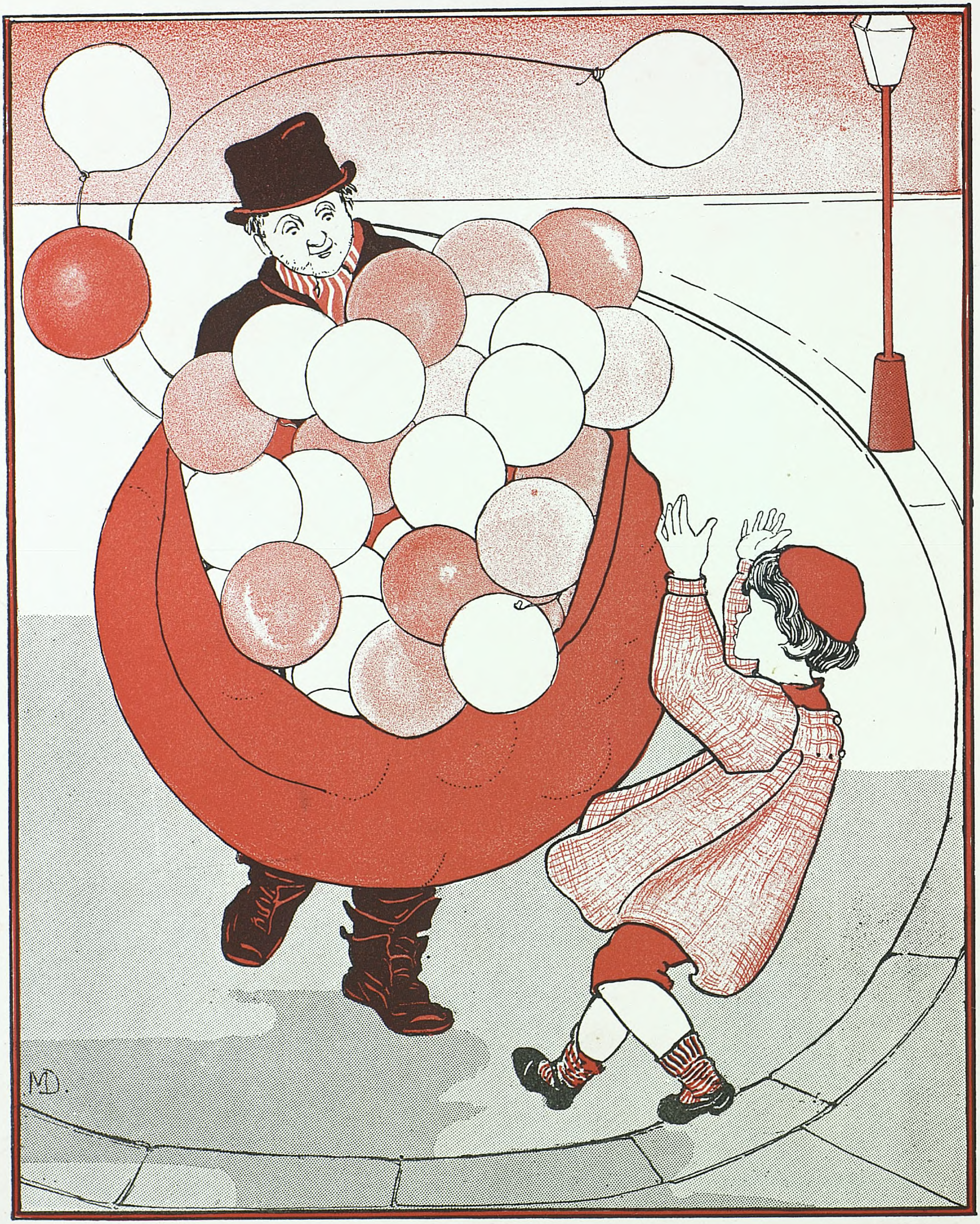


SPRING VOICES.

"CAW! caw!" says the crow,
"Spring has come again, I know;
For, as sure as I am born,
There's a farmer planting corn;
I shall breakfast there, I trow,
Long before his corn can grow."

"Quack! quack!" says the duck,
"Was there ever such good luck?
Spring has cleared the pond of ice,
And the day is warm and nice,
Just as I and Mister Drake
Thought we'd like a swim to take."

"Croak! croak!" says the frog,
As he leaps out from the bog;
"Spring is near, I do declare,
For the earth is warm and fair;
Croak! croak! croak! I love the spring,
When the little birdies sing."



THE AIR-BALL MAN.

AIR-BALLS.

WITH air-balls nearly to his feet,
The air-ball man comes down the street,
Displaying with the greatest care
A magic bundle made of air.

It shifts and shifts its rainbow hue—
Red, yellow, orange, purple, blue;
So light and bright, so soft and strong,
It quivers as he moves along.

MR. NOBODY.

THERE is a funny little man,
He's quiet as a mouse,
But oh, the mischief that he does
In everybody's house!
Though no one ever saw his face,
Yet still we all agree
That half the ill we do was done
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he that often tears our books,
'Tis he that soils the floor;
If puss climbs to the press to steal,
He left ajar the door.
The ink *we* never spill; the stains
That on our clothes you see,
Are not our stains, they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

THE BRASS BAND.

"I'M going to be a band-master when I grow up," said Johnnie.

"I'm going to be a brass band," said Bertie.

"One can't be a brass band," Johnnie said.

"Of course one can. One can be a band of one. That's what I'm going to be. I've got the bewflest" (I think Bertie meant to say "beautifullest") "trumpet you ever saw, and it makes a splendid big noise—if you can blow it."

"Let's play at being a band now," said Johnnie.

So Johnnie went in and got a hoopstick, and a volunteer's peaked cap that his elder brother used to wear; and Bertie got his new trumpet and sat on the wall, while Johnnie stood in front of him beating time.

"Now then, let's have 'Rule Britannia' first," cried Johnnie; and Bertie puffed out his little fat cheeks, and blew at the great trumpet as hard as he could. But no sound came.

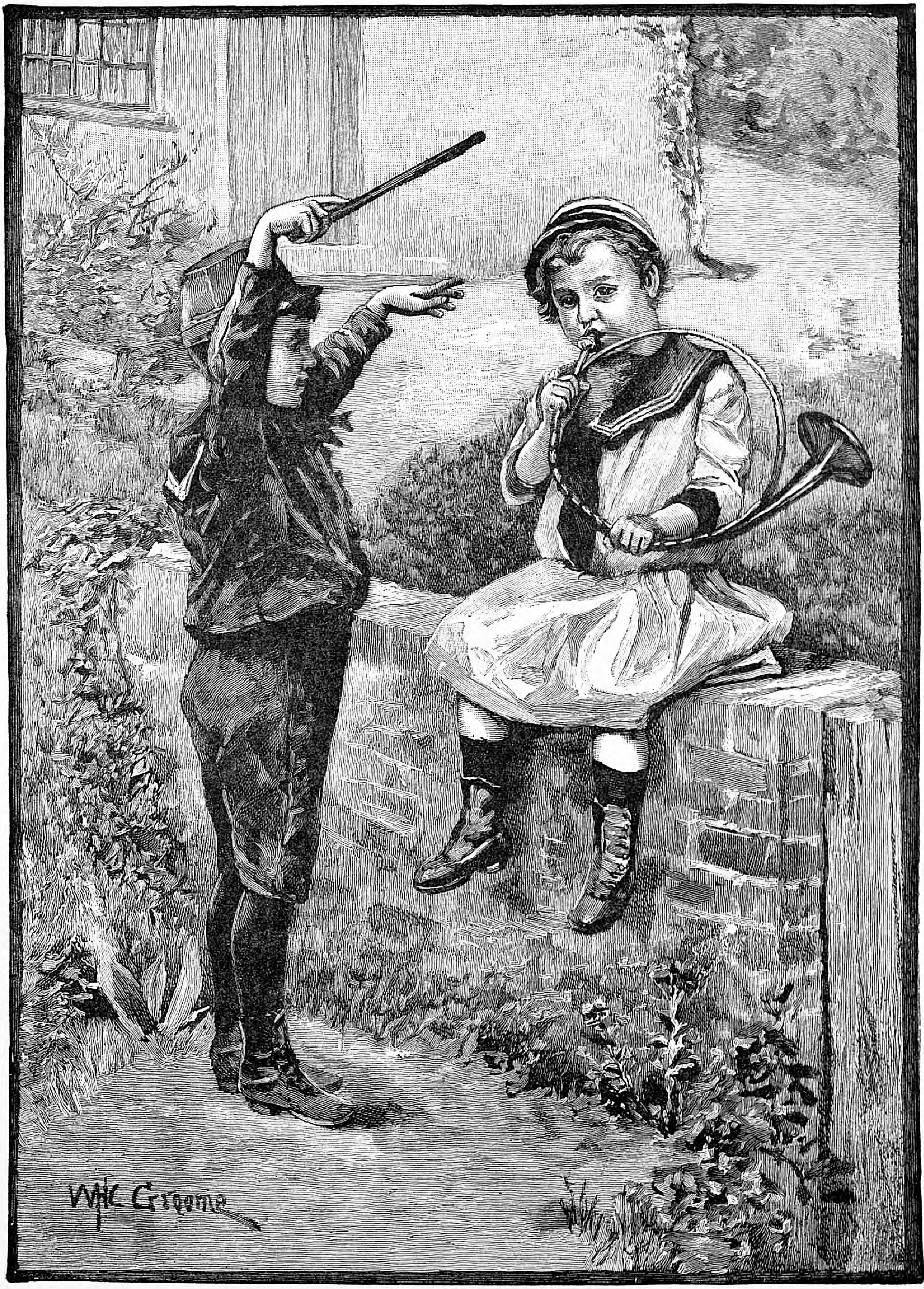
"I thought you said it made a splendid big noise," grumbled Johnnie.

"I said it did if you could blow it," answered Bertie, who was always ready to argue. "I can't. But Dad can. He makes it roar lovelily. Mother always stops her ears when he begins."

"Then hadn't we better sing it together?" asked Johnnie.

"All right! Let's see who can do it loudest."

So the two little voices were raised in chorus, and they sang "Rule Britannia" till their mother came to call them in to dinner.



THE BRASS BAND.

IN A PIRATE'S CAVE.

AGNES and Nora were playing on the beach. They had been silent for some time, busily patting the sides of their castle, but now that it was finished Agnes said: "I wish Claud were here. I wonder what he and Fred Smith are always doing by themselves over there behind the rocks. They never come to play with us now!"

"Let's go and find out what they're doing!" suggested Nora.

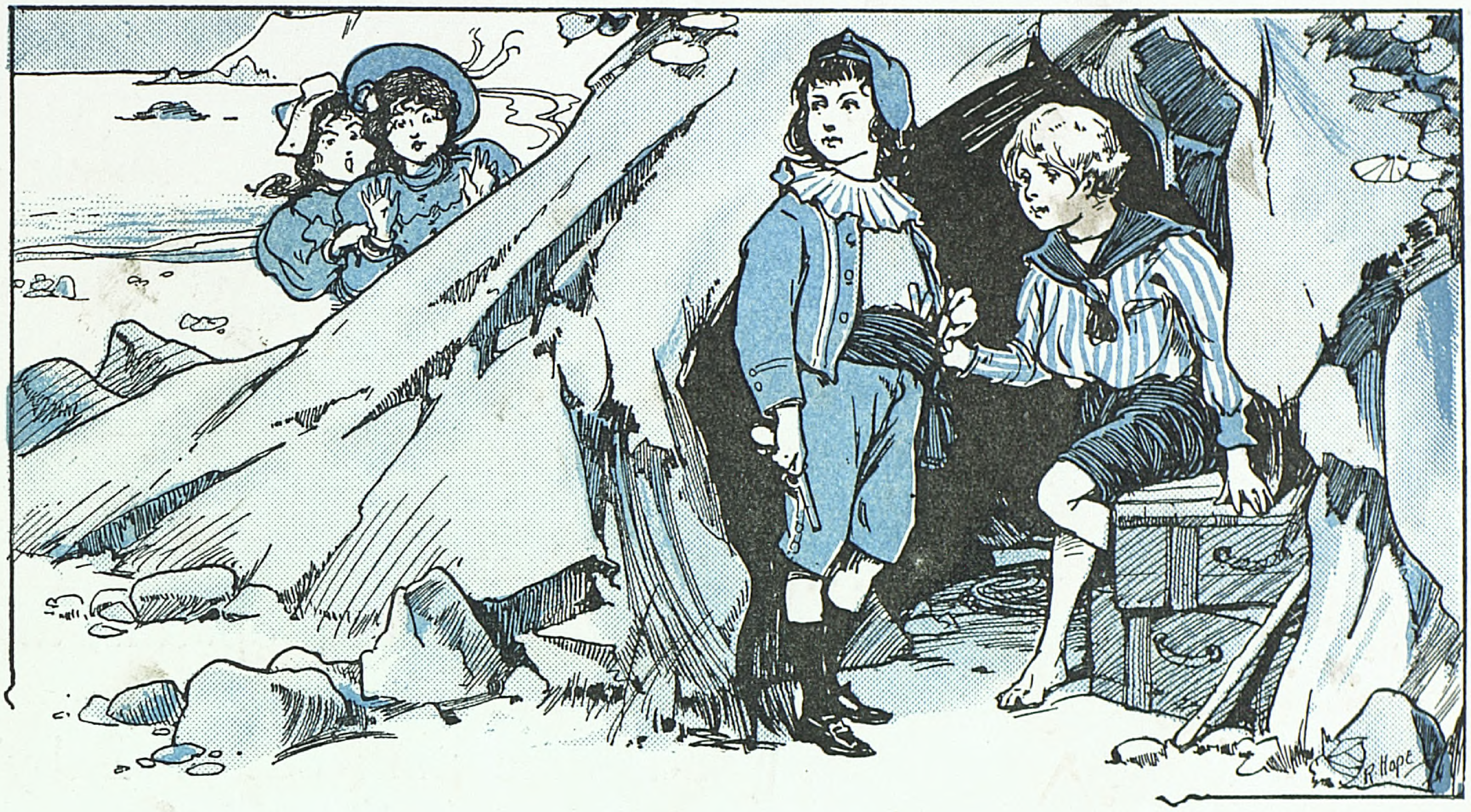
"But Claud told me I wasn't to come poking after him. He was quite cross when I asked him what he was doing," said Agnes.

"That shows he is up to mischief," remarked Nora wisely. "Oh, come along! It will be such fun to discover what they're doing. We sha'n't let them see us!"

"All right!" agreed Agnes; and the two little girls at once set off along the edge of the sea, in the direction of the rocks which stood at one end of the bay.

It was hot work trudging over the basking sand, and by the time they reached the rocks Agnes was ready to cry with fatigue; but Nora kept steadily climbing from rock to rock, and whispering to Agnes to hurry. Suddenly she stopped. In front was a high rock and from behind it sounded voices.

"There they are!" she whispered. "Don't make a noise!" They peered round cautiously, and saw a cave, and



in it the two boys dressed up as pirates. Claud wore a blue sash, and held a pistol in his hand.

"Now," he was saying in a gruff, grand manner, "we are safe from all pursuit. Let's get out the grub!"

Nora could not resist the temptation to give him a surprise. Quickly she scrambled over the rock, flung her arms round him, and cried: "Surrender, pirate!"

"Hullo! what's this?" cried Claud. Then, seeing who had made him prisoner, he and Fred began to laugh.

"I say," they cried, "how did you climb over those rocks? Well, as you are here, you'd better have some grub!"

So he and Fred opened a box, and took out a bottle of ginger-beer, some cakes, and six oranges.

"It's awfully jolly being in a Pirate's Cave!" remarked Nora, as she drank her share of the ginger-beer out of an old jam crock.

THE GRAND REHEARSAL.

"I SAY, you fellows," said Roy, "let's get up a circus for Mother's birthday, like that travelling show on Windmill Common. Bert can be Wildfire, that jolly little pony you see on the posters, and Gwen the horse-breaker, and Allan and Max clowns or waiters—"

"Yes, and you?"

"Oh, I'll be the performing elephant."

So, everybody being delighted with these proposals, that afternoon they set about their first grand rehearsal.

"Get your doll's tea-set, and some milk out of Baby's bottle," explained Roy. "And we'll begin like this—

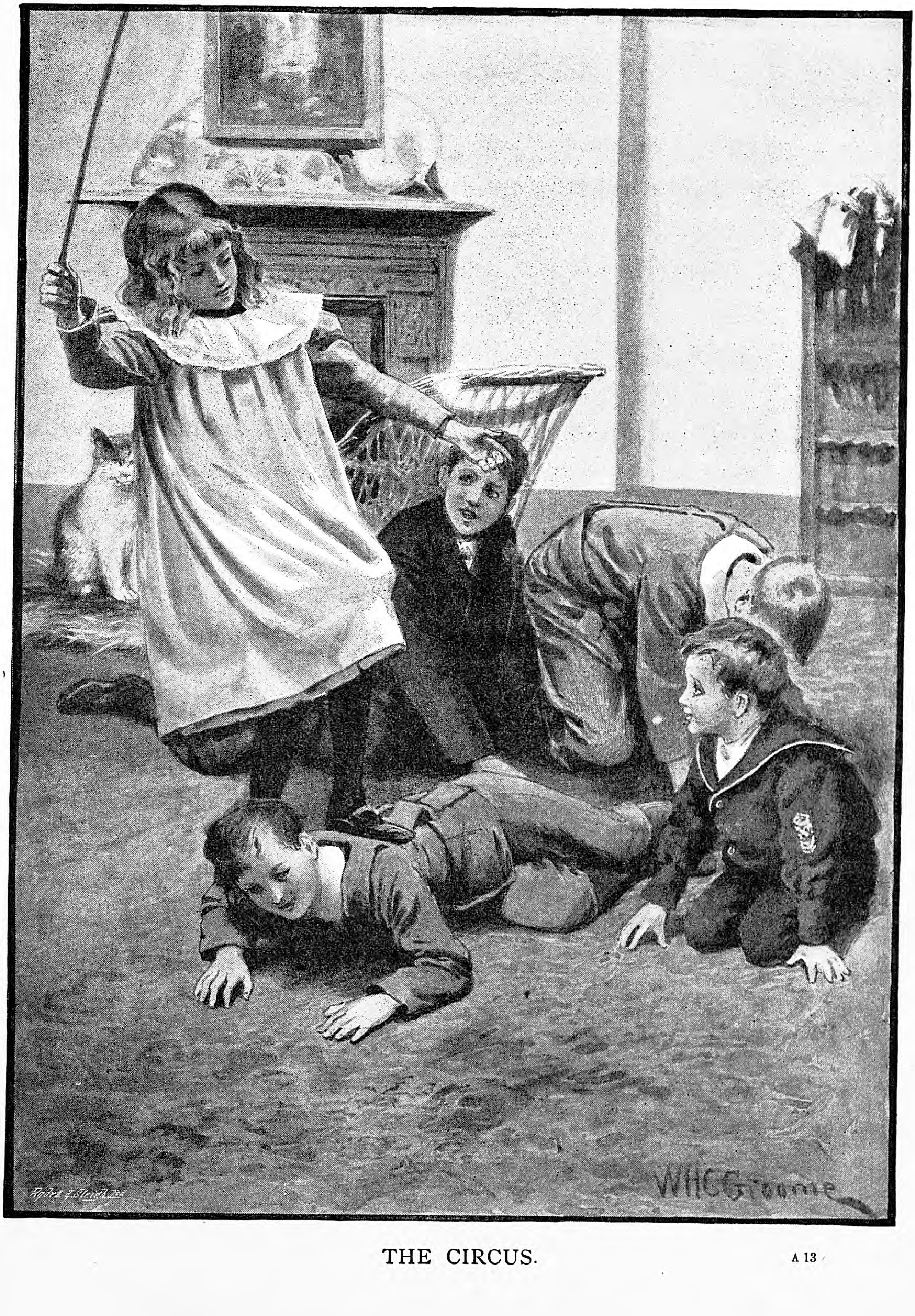
"I'll come in as an hotel visitor, and after I've drunk the tea and upset the milk, and walk off without paying the bill, then of course Bert, the waiter, must run after me!"

So they set immediately to work, and Roy's performance was so much admired by Fluff, the audience, who ran forward and lapped up the milk, that it had to be done again and again. After that came the horse-riding, which, owing to Max's too close imitation of the pony on the "posters", was not quite so successful.

"I'm sure I shall never be able to keep upon Wildfire's back," said the poor little horse-breaker.

"Oh yes, you will!" said Roy; "this is only the first rehearsal. But what's that in the garden?—a pony!"

Yes, there was the dearest little pony strolling in and out amongst the rose-trees at the end of the garden, swinging its long silky tail in the highest state of enjoyment.



THE CIRCUS.

And advancing towards the house was a man with a hot, red face. “ Beg pardon, young gentlemen,” he said; “ but I’m after our Wildfire. She’s broke away from the tent, an’ a fine chase I’ve had. Keep quiet, please, don’t let her see you!”

So the children crept behind a clump of laurels, while the man stole across the lawn. And presently there was a rustling amongst the rose-bushes, and a whinny of surprise from the runaway. “ I’ve caught you at last!” said the man. “ And now come and apologize.”

The pretty creature seemed to know what was expected, for as the children came forward she bowed repeatedly.

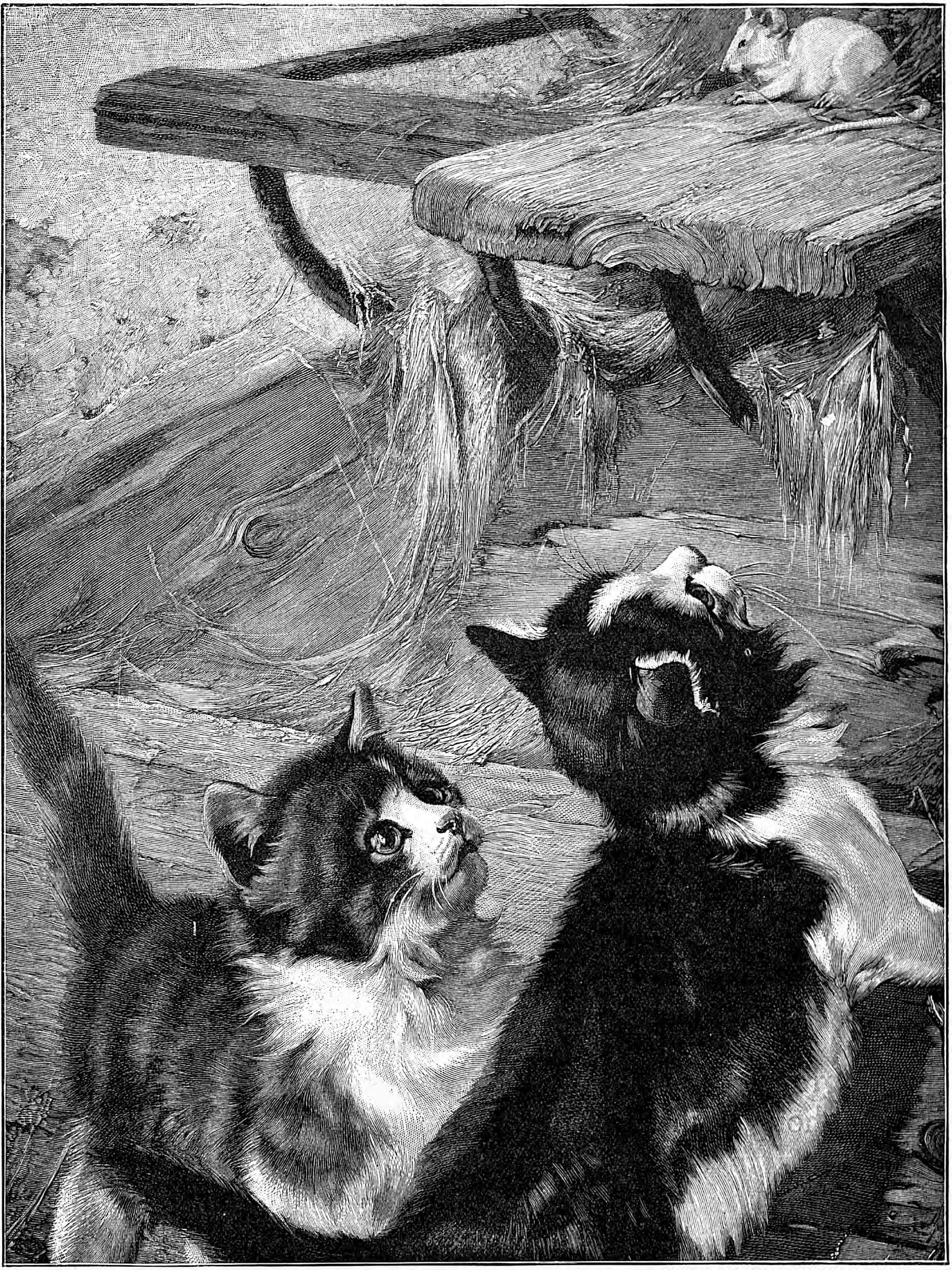
“ Beg pardon!” said her master, and down went Wildfire on her knees. “ And now, present this to the lady,” said the man again, holding out a piece of yellow cardboard.

Wildfire took the card in her mouth, and, without a moment’s hesitation, carried it to Gwen.

“ That’ll admit you all to to-night’s performance, if your Ma’s no objection,” explained the man.

And before the astonished children could reply, Wildfire and her master had leapt the gate, and were flying along the road in the direction of Windmill Common.

OH, mousie, mousie, run away,
Don’t stop to nibble or to play;
You wouldn’t if you only knew
What bright sharp eyes were watching you!



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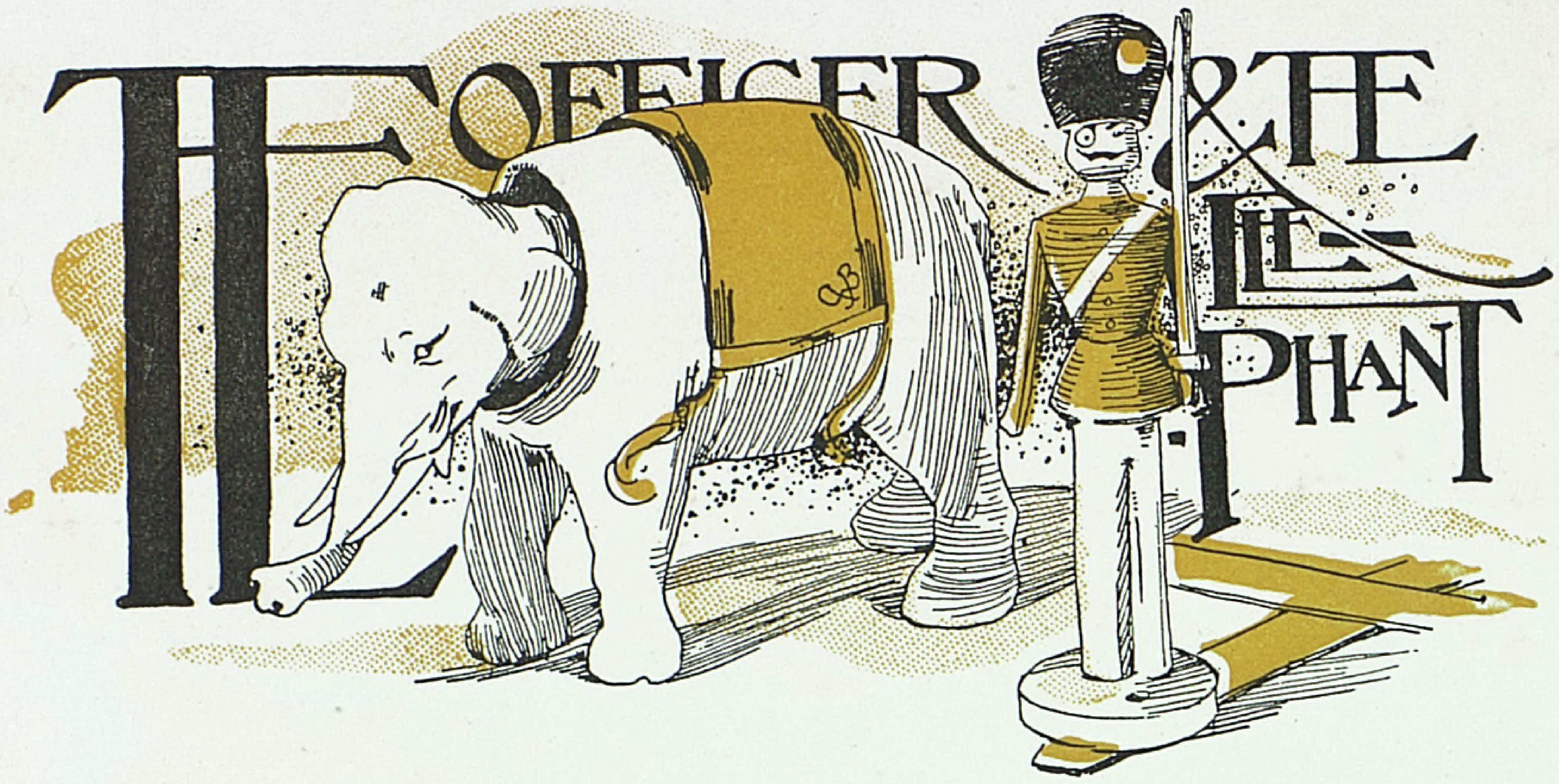
IN DANGER.



THE OFFICER & THE ELEPHANT

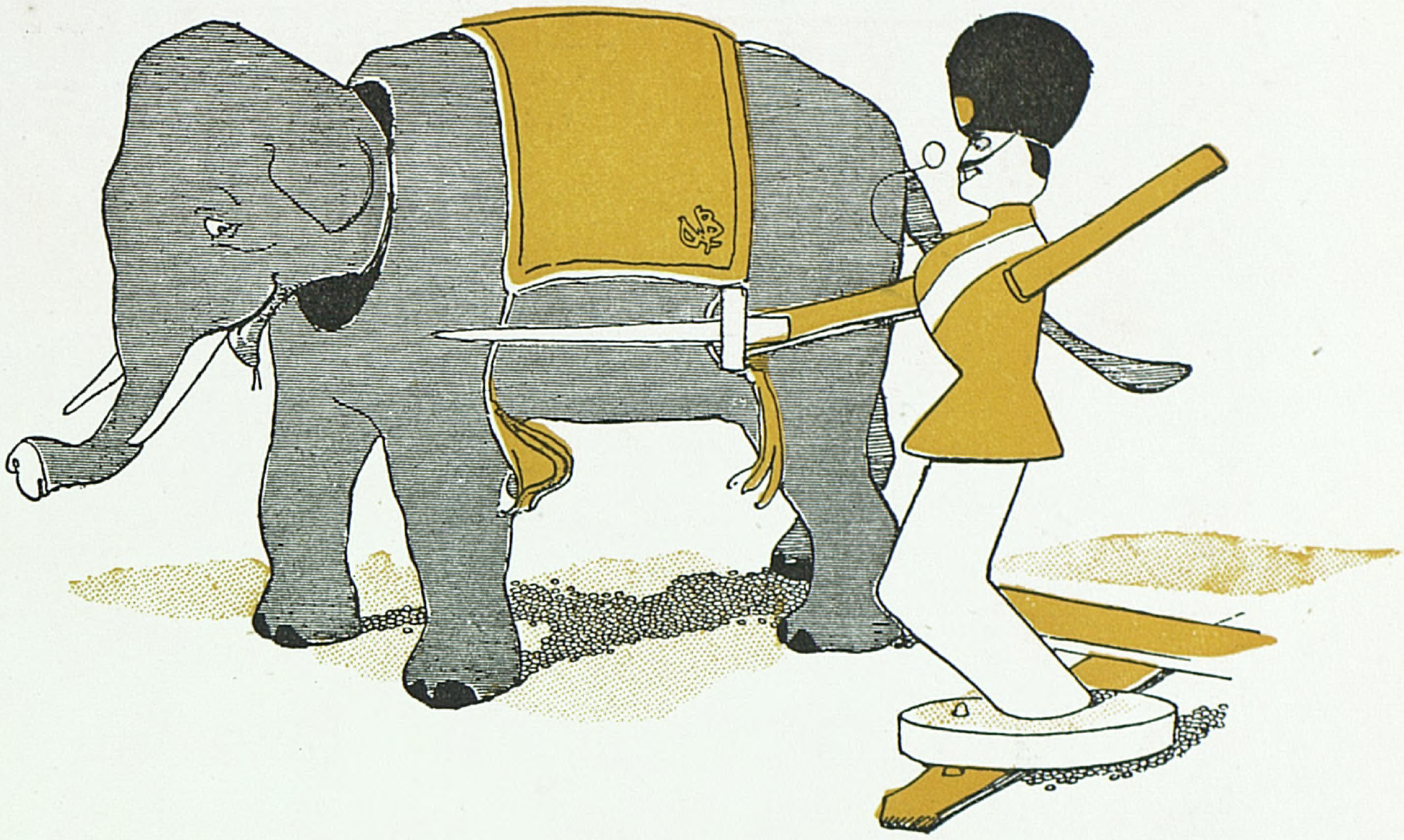
AMONGST all the Toys in the toy-shop, none were so disliked and feared as the twelve Wooden Soldiers who, with an imposing Officer at their head, proudly faced the world in double file.

"My men and I really command the whole shop," said the Officer one day. "We not only have our good swords, but we know how to use them." Here he gave the word of command, and instantly a dozen and one swords sprang from their scabbards.

The lady Dolls shrieked, the Grocer and the Butcher began to put up their shutters with trembling hands; the white, furry Rabbit became a shade whiter, and the corners of the Clown's mouth dropped instead of going up as usual. It was plain that a general panic was felt.

The only Toy that did not appear to be affected was the great gray Elephant lately arrived. He twisted his trunk round thoughtfully, but never changed countenance.

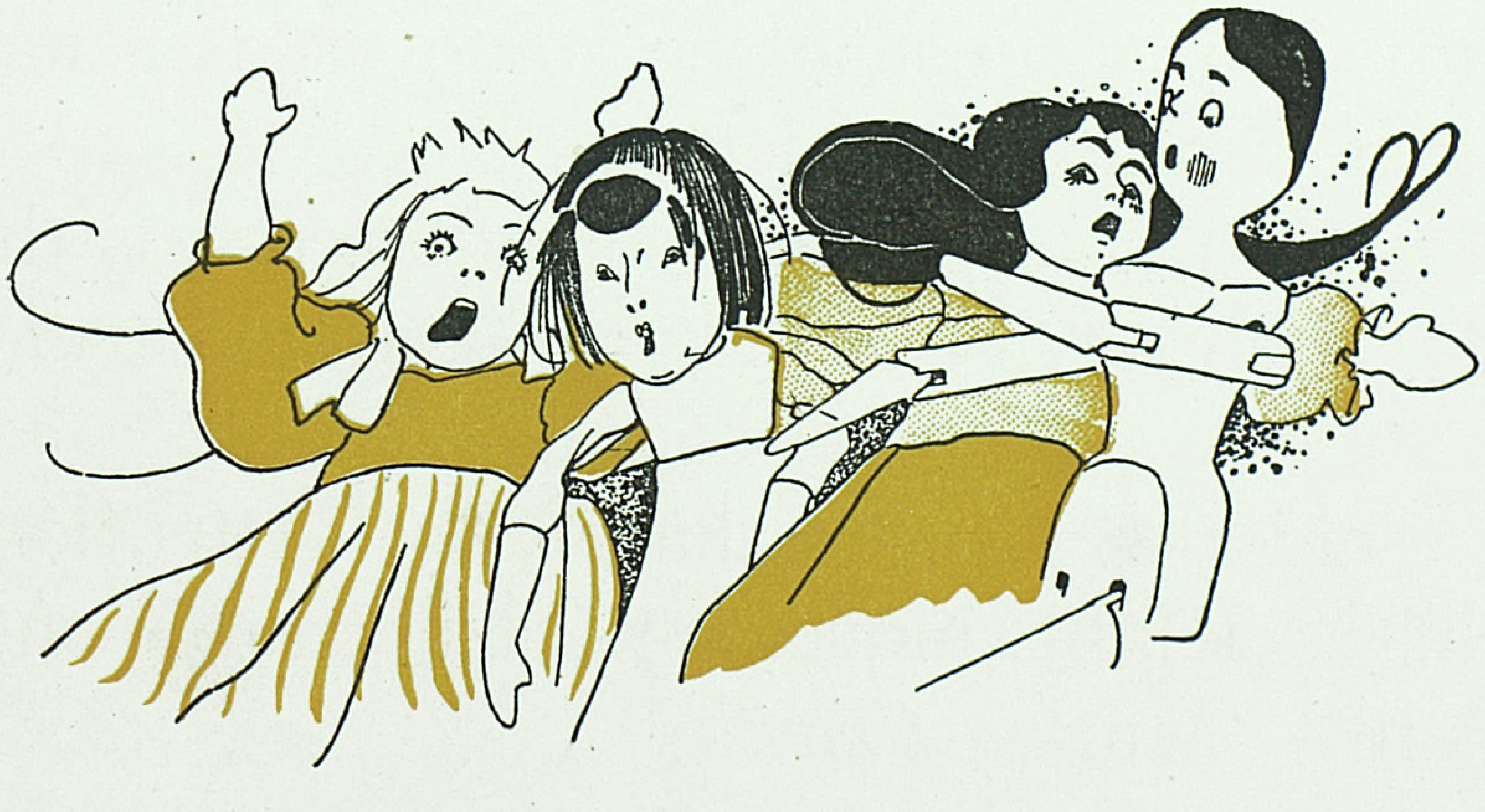
"Now to drill," said the Officer sharply. "Attention! Eyes right; eyes left! Right movement; left movement! Swords out; swords in! Mark—*time!*"



This last command they were obliged to obey with their heads, their feet being tightly gummed on to the platform. Therefore, when they marched, or even took a simple walk, they had to march or walk in a body, taking the platform with them. Again, if the Commanding-officer granted leave of absence to one, he was obliged to grant it to all, even to himself, otherwise no one could have taken it.

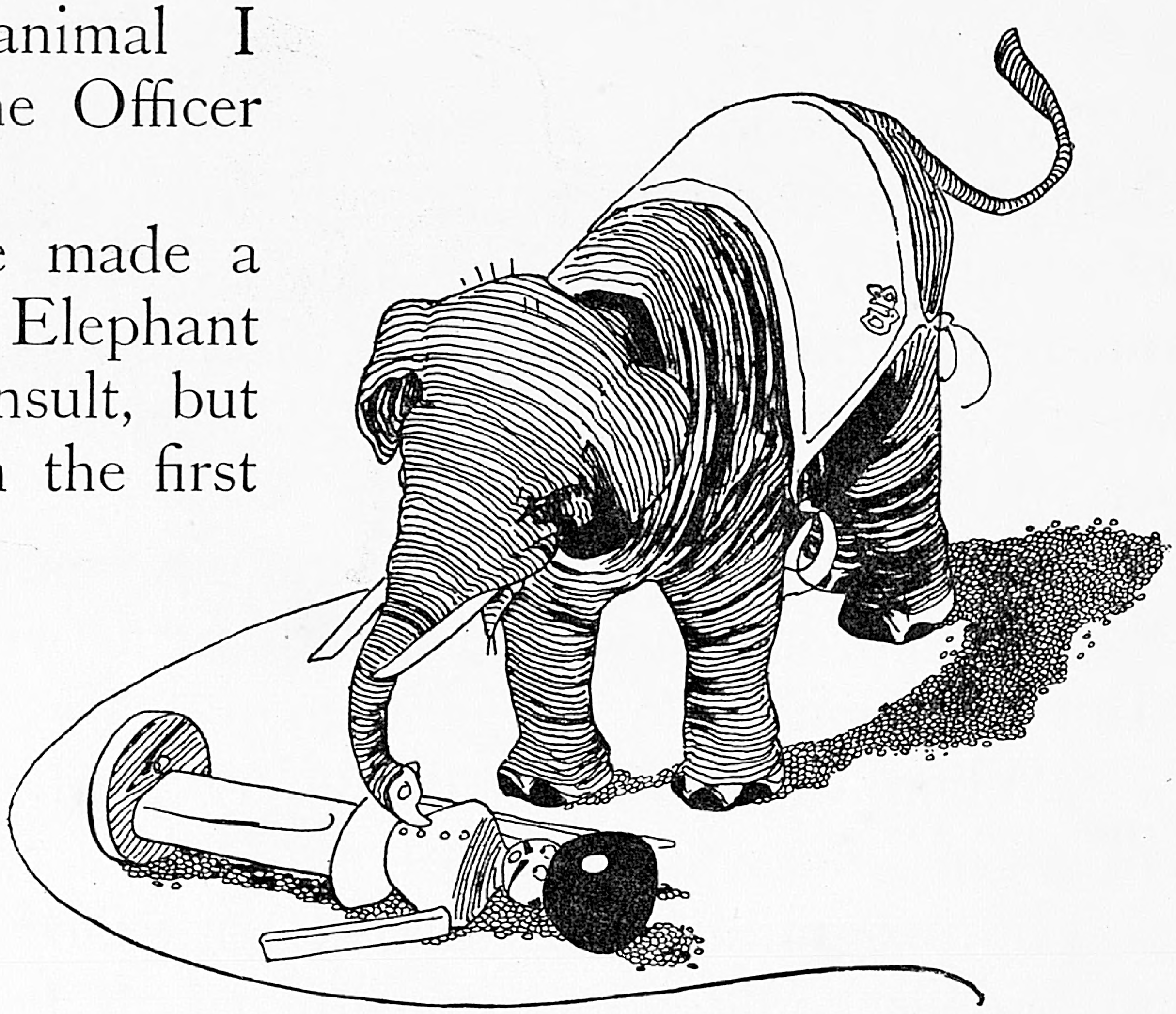
"Come," said the Officer to the Elephant one day, "you are a bright beast! Let me ask you a question. If a herring and a half cost three halfpence, how much would six herrings cost?"

"Just as much as they ought to, if you went to an honest fishmonger," answered the Elephant.



The Officer and his men laughed loudly, but the Elephant made no reply.

"That's the



thickest-skinned animal I ever met," said the Officer to his men.

But herein he made a mistake. The Elephant never forgot an insult, but paid it back upon the first opportunity. The opportunity came in this way. One day the shop-woman happened to knock the officer off the platform, and, unnoticed by her, he fell on his back upon the counter, just under the Elephant's trunk.

There he lay still, trembling and fearful.

At last the day closed in, the Mortals shut up the shop and left, and the time of the Toys arrived.

The Elephant then addressed the Officer in a slow voice and ponderous manner.

" I feel inclined to trample on you," he remarked.

"It was on—on—ly my f—f—fun!" stammered the Officer, trembling with fear, and all the crimson fading from his cheeks.

" Do you wish me to spare your life?" asked the Elephant.

" Spare me!" cried the coward and bully.

The Elephant paused.

"Very good," he answered; "but only upon these conditions. I will carry you up and down the counter, stopping before such Toys as I shall see fit. And whenever I stop, you are to announce yourself in these words: *Have you kicked the coward and the bully? If you have not kicked him already, kick him without delay.*"

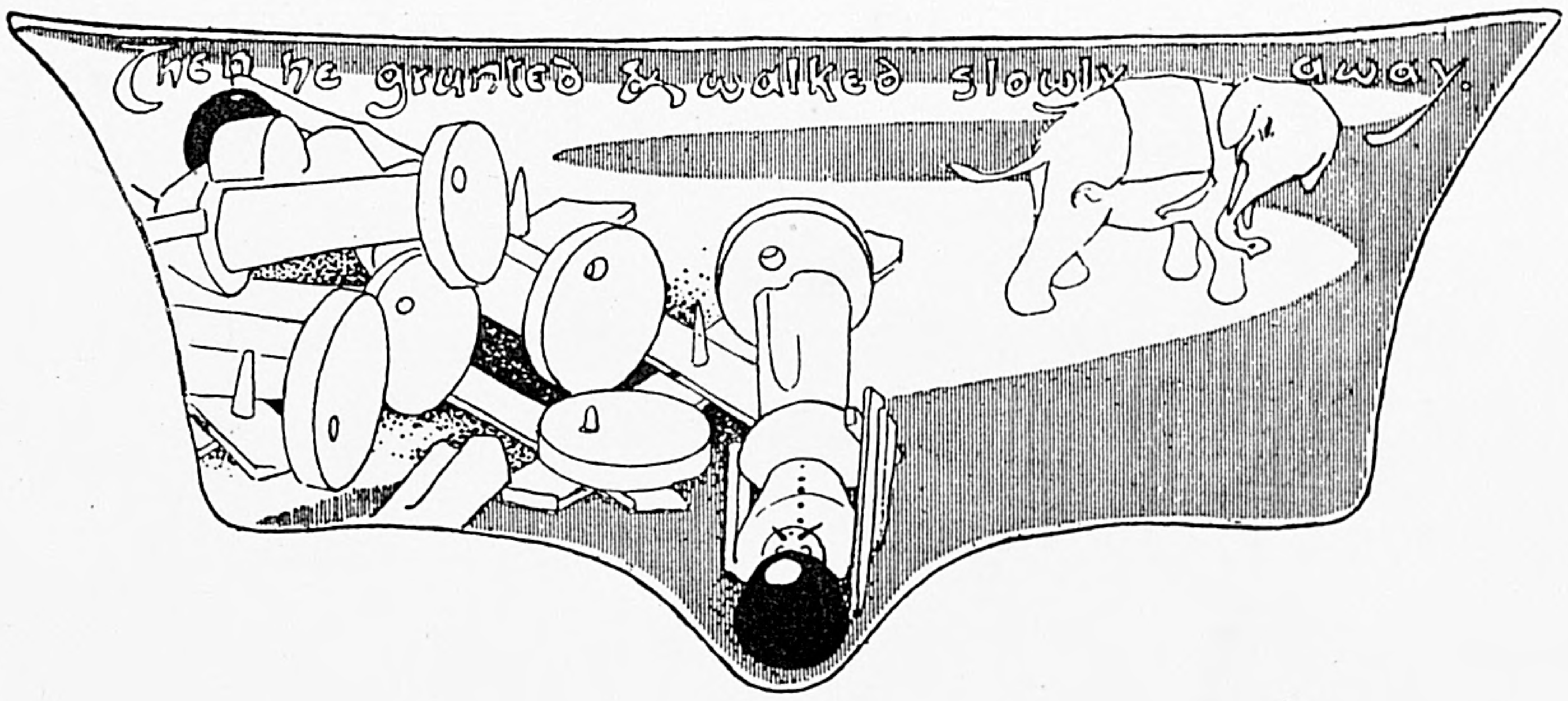
"It is too bad of you to require me to say this," the Officer cried, his anger for the moment overcoming his fear. "But then you are not a gentleman. You are—"

"When you have done," interrupted the Elephant, "I will begin."

The programme was carried out exactly as the Elephant had said it should be, for the great gray beast was a beast of his word.

Finally, the avenger laid the Officer on the platform, and with his trunk deliberately knocked over all the Soldiers one after the other. Then he grunted and walked slowly away.

During the remainder of his stay in the shop, the Elephant was treated with greater respect than any other Toy—Father Christmas only excepted—and when he left at Christmas-time, the regret expressed was both loud and sincere.


Then he grunted & walked slowly away.

CURING MOTHER.

"MOTHER'S ill," said Nellie one morning, with tears in her dear little eyes, to her brother Joe.

"Oh deary me!" said Joe, looking very sad. His mother used to say "Oh deary me" at times, so Joe followed her example. "When will the doctor make her well again?"

"To-morrow days," said little Polly, who could not speak very plainly, but liked to give her opinion on every subject.

"I don't believe in doctors," said Joe. "Doctors only give you nasty bitter medicines, that's all. When I'm a doctor I shall give people nice medicines, sweet as honey or toffee, and nice fizzy things like sherbet and ginger-beer. I wish we had some sherbet for Mother."

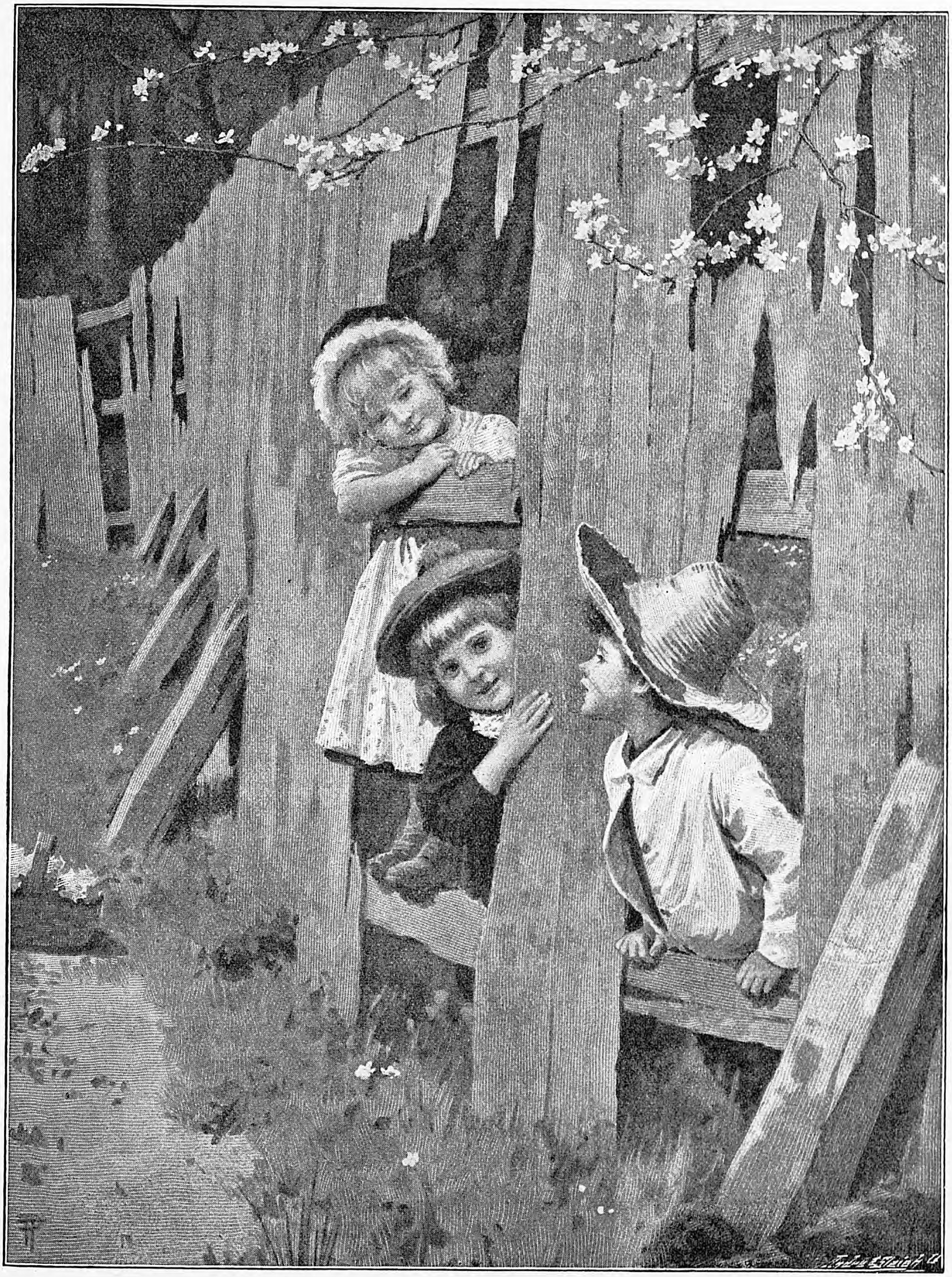
"I know something better than that," said Nellie, nodding her head very wisely.

"What is it?" cried Joe.

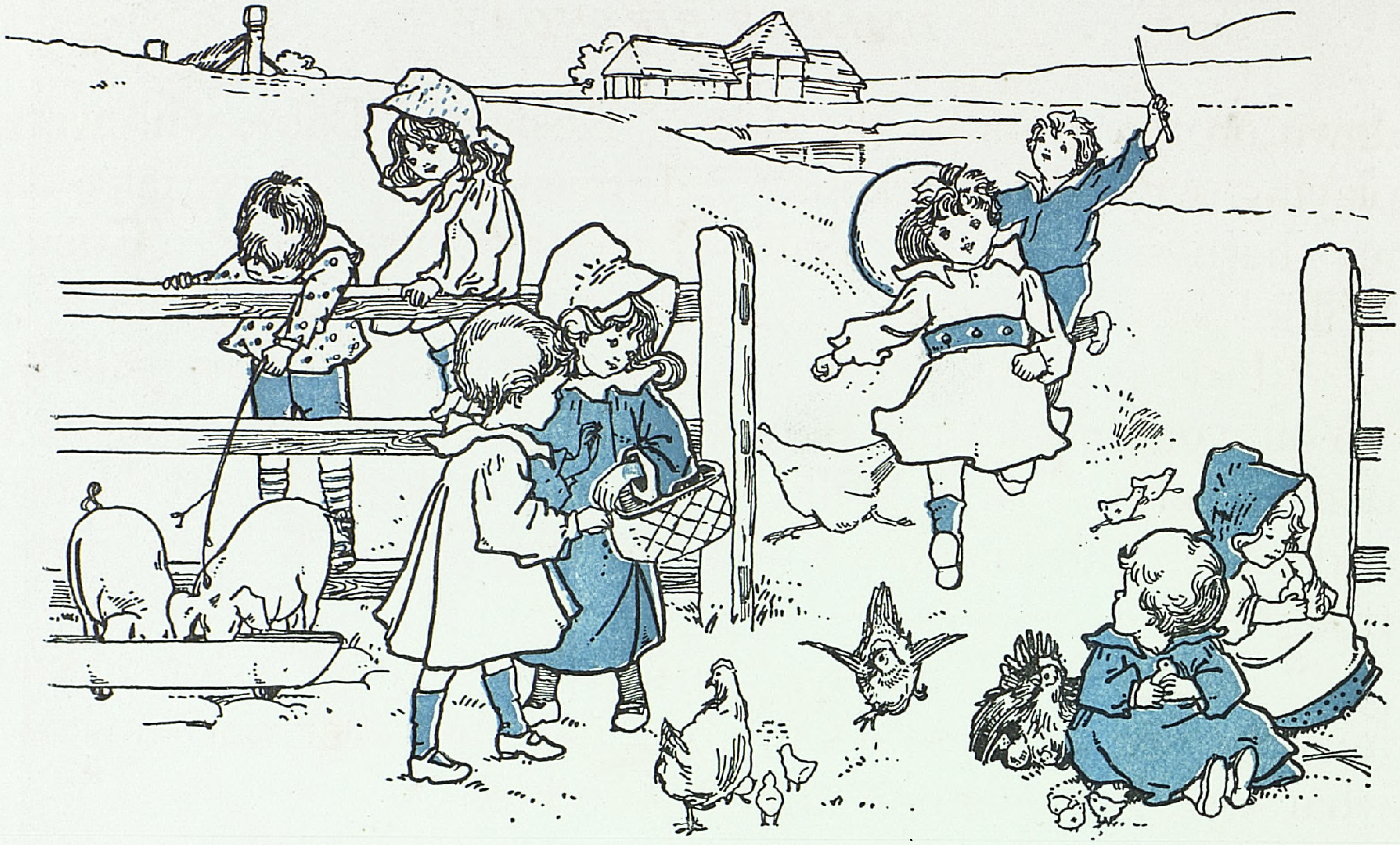
"Come with me and you shall see," said Nellie "Bring that basket."

So off the three children went into the fields, and after walking quite a long way they crept through a broken fence into a meadow, full of lovely daffodils and primroses.

"These are what will make Mother well," said Nellie. "Come on." So the children picked primroses and daffodils till their basket was quite full, and then they went home. And Nellie was right, for Mother said that the sight of the sweet flowers made her feel much better.



THE HOLE IN THE FENCE.



TOMMY'S BIRTHDAY.

"OH! aren't we having a jolly time!" cried Tommy, as he flourished his whip and drove Molly along, harnessed in the bright-red belt with jingling bells, which had been one of his prettiest birthday presents.

It was his sixth birthday, and his Mother had allowed him to ask some little friends to spend the day with him. There were Jack and Molly Brown, Willie, Sally, and Emmy Jackson, besides his own two little sisters, which altogether made quite enough to play hide-and-seek, or any other game.

"Oh, I am so hot!" replied Molly, throwing herself down on the grass by the side of Rosie and Baby, who were playing with the chickens. "I must rest! Here, take off my harness, and let Willie have his turn now. Come, Willie! stop teasing that pig and come and be a horse!"

"I don't want to be a horse now," said Willie sulkily. "You wouldn't let me be one when I asked you, so now I don't want to!" and Willie continued to lean over the fence and tease, with his switch, the pigs which were feeding in the trough.

"But," cried Tommy, "if I tell you to be a horse, you must be one, because it's my birthday, and everyone must do what a person tells him on his birthday!"

"I won't do what you tell me, whether it's your old birthday or not!" said Willie; and he and Charlie were beginning to look very cross, when a voice was heard calling:

"Now, children, tea is ready. Come along!"

"Come along, boys!" cried Molly; and the eight children raced indoors, where in the parlour quite a feast was ready.

In the centre of the table stood a great cake, covered with pink sugar, and surrounded by six little lighted candles, one for each birthday.

The children immediately climbed into their seats, and for some moments there was little talking but much eating.

"Well, Tommy!" at length said his Mother. "Can you manage to eat another slice of cake, or are you finished?"

"I'm finished!" said Tommy, with a deep sigh; "but I'm not done. I do wish birthdays came every week, instead of only once a year."

"And so do I!" agreed all the little guests.

THE OLD WAX DOLL.

"IT'S a wicked, ungrateful world!" grumbled Janet, the shabby wax doll, to Jacko, the toy monkey; "and I could just shake that new doll."

The two were lying side by side in the toy-cupboard.

"Never mind," said Jacko. "I'm glad to see you back once more at home; but whatever can have kept you so long?"

"Measles!" exclaimed Janet.

"Measles?" echoed the monkey.

"Yes, and a pretty time I've had. Why, only look at this!"

Dolly rolled back the sleeve of her frock and showed Jacko her poor arm hanging by a single thread.

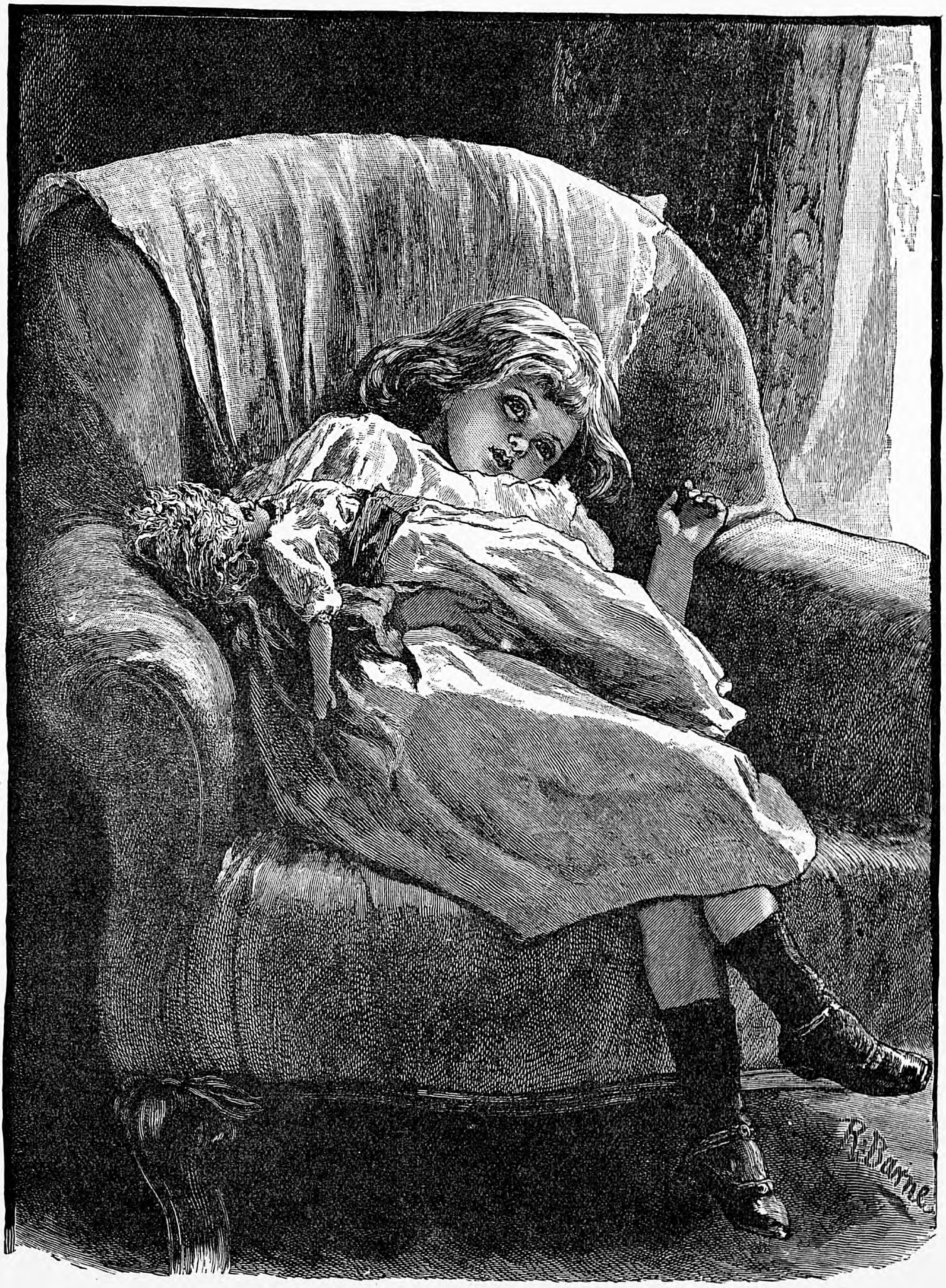
"Don't you remember the day my little mistress was so cross, and threw me right across the nursery? Well, *that's* what she did!"

"But what did Nurse say?" said Jacko.

"Nurse just sat her down in the big arm-chair, and sent for Dr. Squills. For, she said, when good little girls are so cross, one can depend upon it that there must be something wrong."

"I think so, too," said the monkey.

"So they put us to bed, side by side, and Doctor came every day. Yes, and felt both our pulses, and oh, Jacko, the horrid stuff I've had to take, for my little mistress would not drink a drop of physic until I'd tasted it first! But there,"



THE OLD WAX DOLL.

added Janet, "I would do anything to please those I love, even to having those horrible measles!"

"Hush, here comes Nurse! What does she want in our cupboard?" said Jacko.

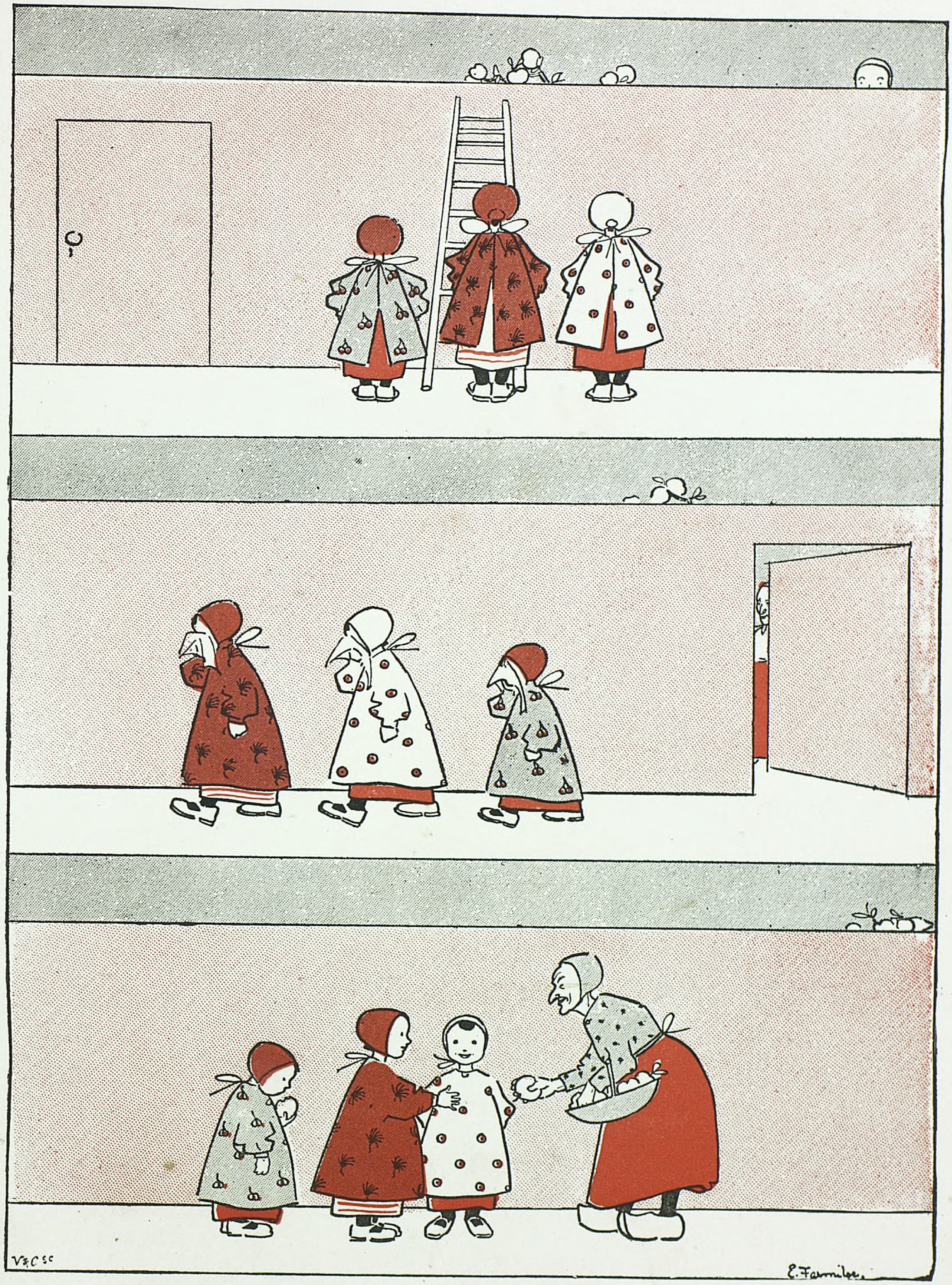
"I want the old wax doll," said Nurse. "Come along, Janet, that silly child won't look at her new dolly."

"A sensible child, I think, ma'am," whispered Jacko; "for of course old friends are best."

SWEET APPLES.

SOME nice-looking apples once grew near a wall,
And there, close at hand, stood a ladder so tall—
(Singing apples, ripe apples, sweet apples!)
And three little maidens they happened to pass,
And up at the wall looked each rosy-cheeked lass—
(Singing apples, nice apples, sweet apples!)

To get them those little maids thought they would try,
But somebody caught them and made them all cry—
(Crying apples, nice apples, sweet apples!)
"Oh, never again we'll be naughty!" cried they;
So she gave them one each and they all ran away,
(Singing apples, nice apples, sweet apples!)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SWEET APPLES.

OPINIONS DIFFER.

LOOK at his short nose!"

"And his big round eyes!"

"And his wrinkled forehead!"

"What a ridiculous little tail!"

"And such small ears!"

"Did you ever see such an ugly mouth?"

"Oh, what a fright!"

The new Bull-dog hung his head sadly, without giving so much as a bark in answer to these rude remarks.

He had crossed the sunny yard alert and cheerful, to wish the deer-hounds, who were looking over the stable door, a friendly good-morning. But all the spirit went out of his stump of a tail, and all the brightness seemed to go out of the sunshine, at this unkind greeting.

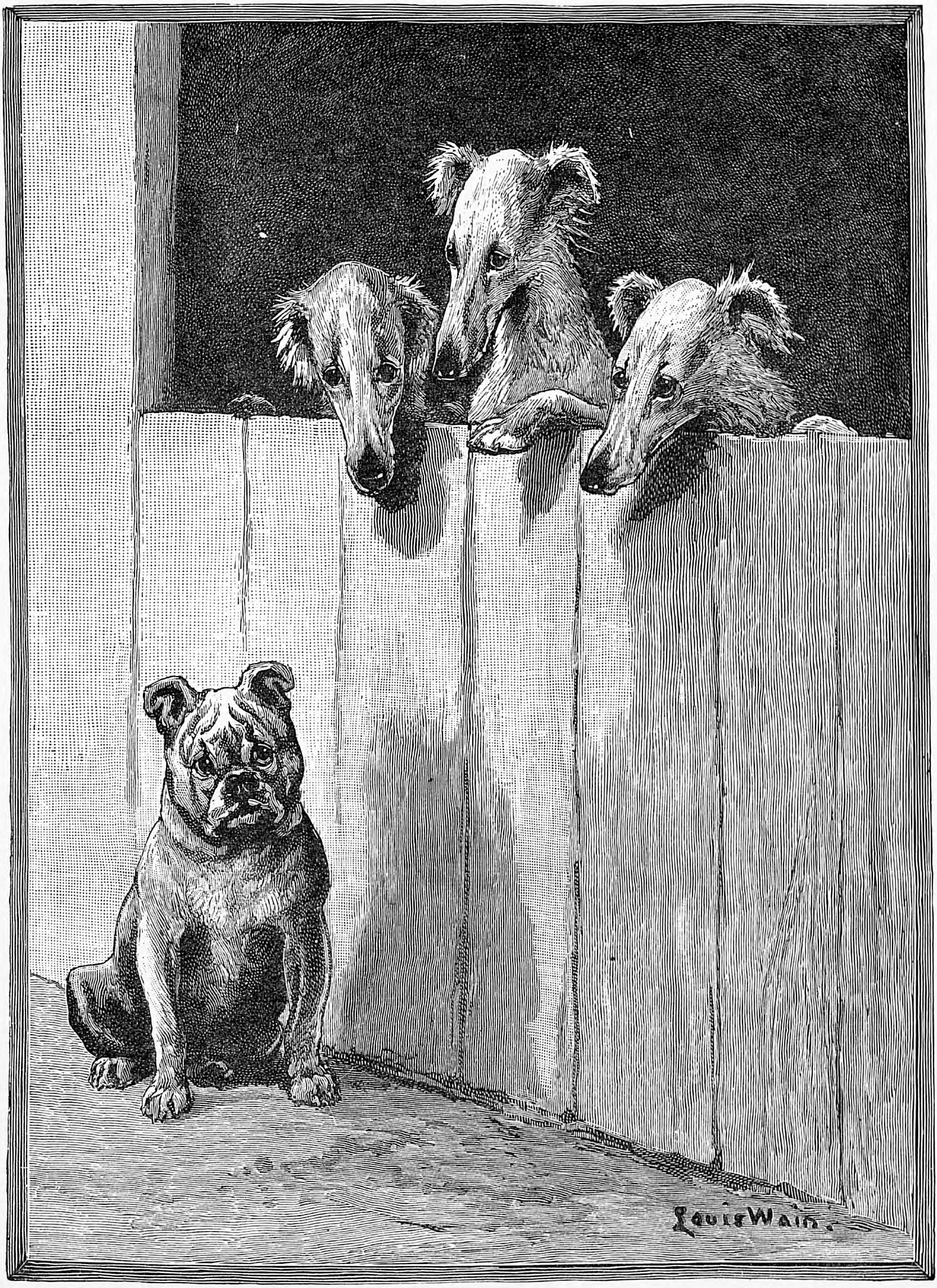
He had not thought he was so ugly. But since these beautiful dogs said so, he supposed it must be true. He felt very sorry for himself as he sat and stared gloomily at the wall, while the deer-hounds sniffed scornfully. By and by the dog's master, with a friend, came into the yard.

"What a fine Bull-dog you have!" said the friend.

"Yes. Is he not a splendid animal? I am very proud of him. Look at his short nose, his large eyes, and his beautiful wrinkles! His tail and ears are just the right size, and his mouth is perfect. He is a real beauty!"

"Then you stupid dogs were wrong after all," barked the Bull-dog, bounding across the yard, with twinkling tail.

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," growled the deer-hounds.



"LOOK AT HIS SHORT NOSE!"

A GALLANT RESCUE.

FATHER! Father!” cried Harry, as he saw his father, and Fido the dog, coming down towards the river, which was in flood. As he spoke he began to run so quickly that his little sister Molly could hardly keep up to him.

“Well! What's the matter?” asked their father.

“Oh, Father!” sobbed Molly. “The puppies will be drowned!” and she pointed to where something was floating rapidly down the swollen stream.

“How did they get there?”

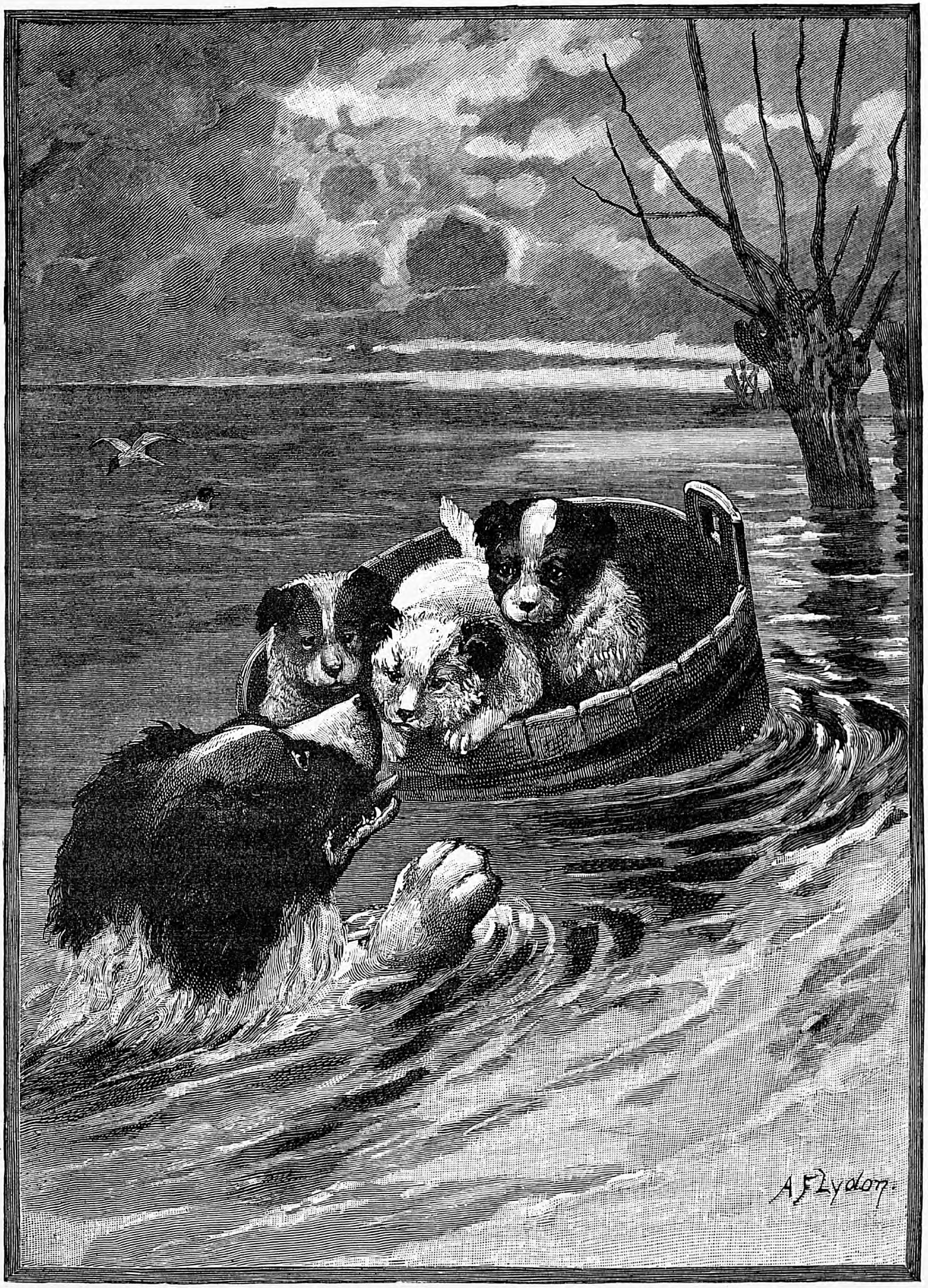
“We were playing with them,” exclaimed Harry, “and we thought it would be fun to put them in a tub, and give them a sail. We had a rope tied to the handle, but it slipped, and then the tub floated out of reach—”

“Oh, Father!” interrupted Molly. “Look! It's floating right away! Oh, what shall we do?”

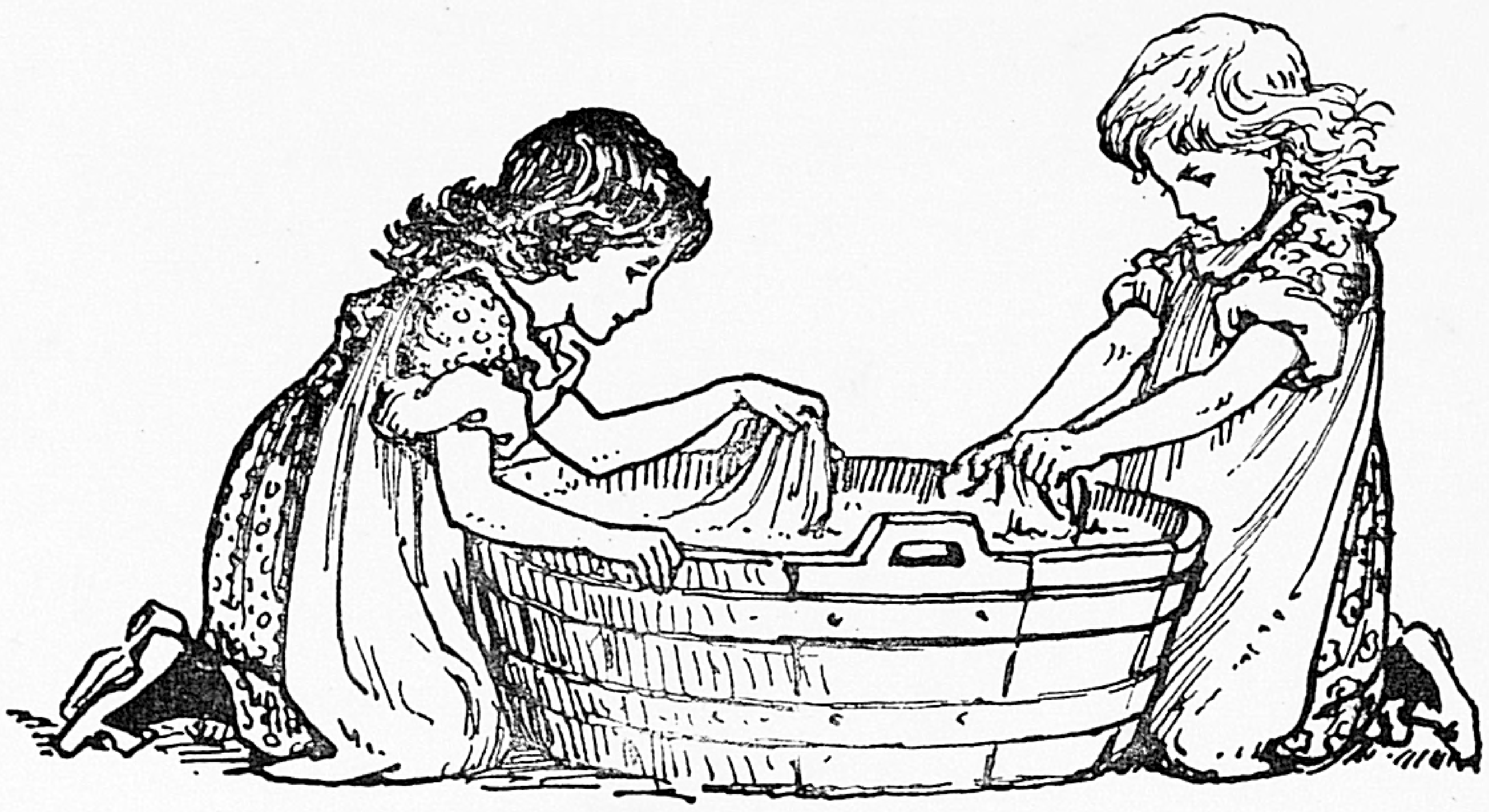
“Here, Fido!” shouted Father. “Fetch them!” and as he spoke, he pointed to the tub, over the edge of which peered three unhappy little heads. “Fetch them, good dog!” Hardly had her master done speaking, when Fido dashed down the bank, and plunged bravely into the river.

“Oh, she's just at it!” cried the children, dancing with excitement. “No! She's swept past it! Oh, there, she's caught hold of it! Hurrah! Here she comes!”

And there came Fido, holding on to the tub, while the puppies licked her face with joy. As she came near, Father pulled the tub ashore. “You darling brave creature!” exclaimed Molly, throwing her arms round Fido's wet neck.



THE RESCUE.



DOLLY'S WASHING-DAY.

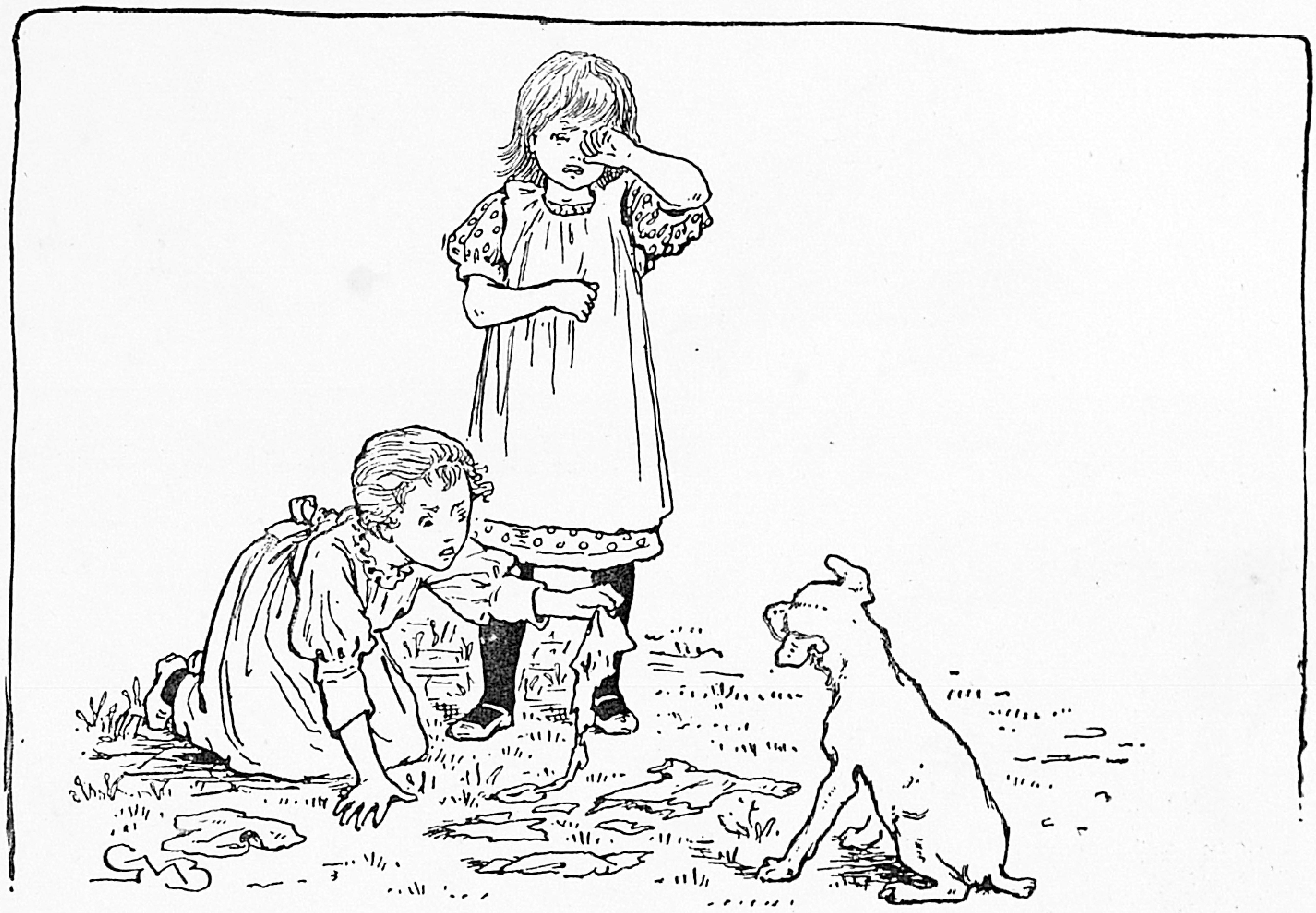
THREE little friends this morning came,
To ask us both to join their game;
But no! we hadn't time to play,
For this has been our washing-day.

" No use ", we said, " for you to call,
And tempt us out with hoop or ball;
Our dollies' clothes are soiled with dust,
And wash them clean we really must."

So in the porch we placed our tub,
And then began to rinse and rub,
Till all the coloured things grew bright,
And all the linen snowy white.

Our washing done, we thought it best
To settle down and take a rest;

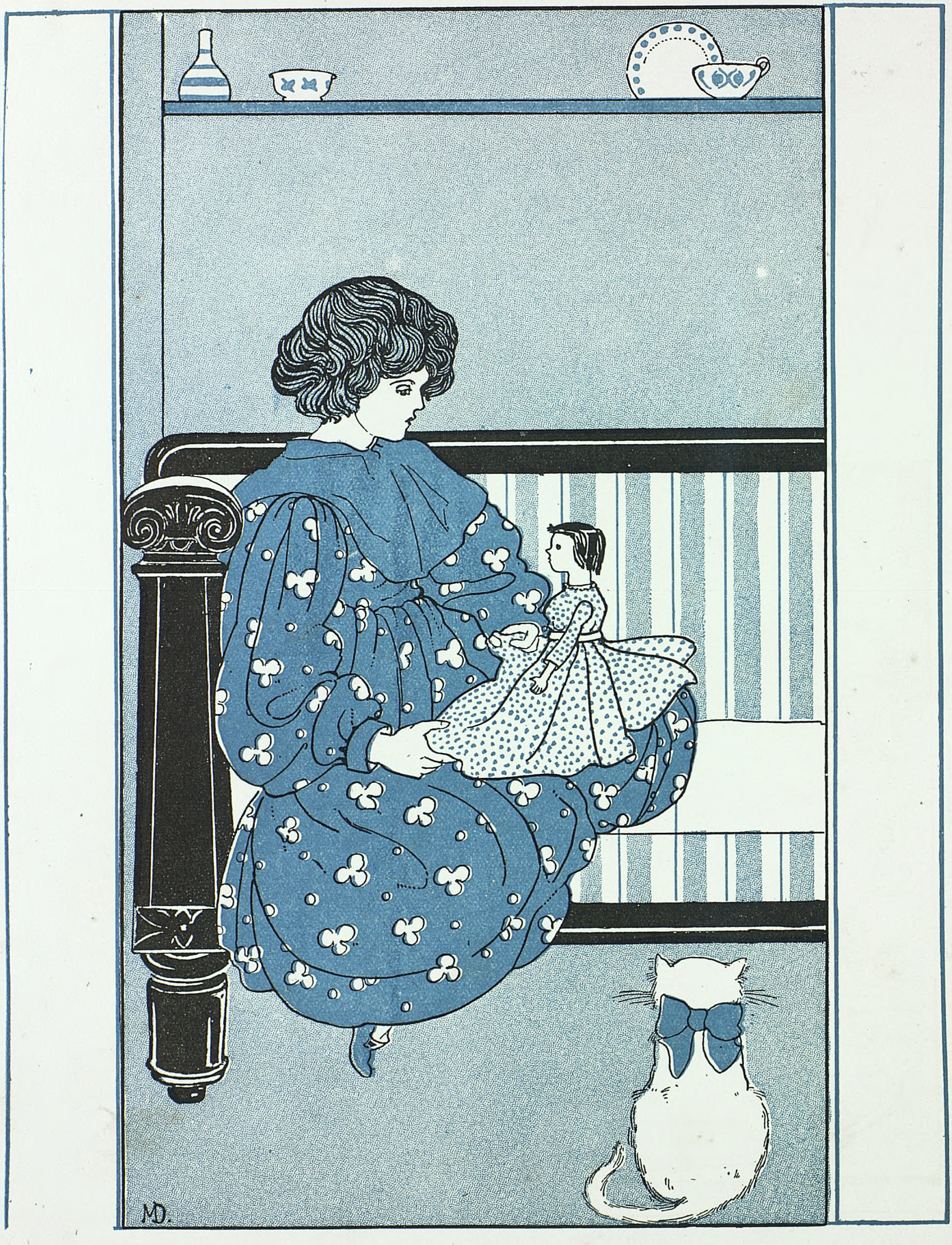
So in a wooded hollow deep,
Amid the ferns, we fell asleep.



When we awoke, we knew 'twas time
From out our leafy nest to climb,
For dollies' clothing quickly dries;
But oh—the sight that met our eyes!

Speechless with woe, we stood and wept,
For while we idly lay and slept,
A naughty, thieving, terrier pup
Had eaten all our dolls' clothes up!

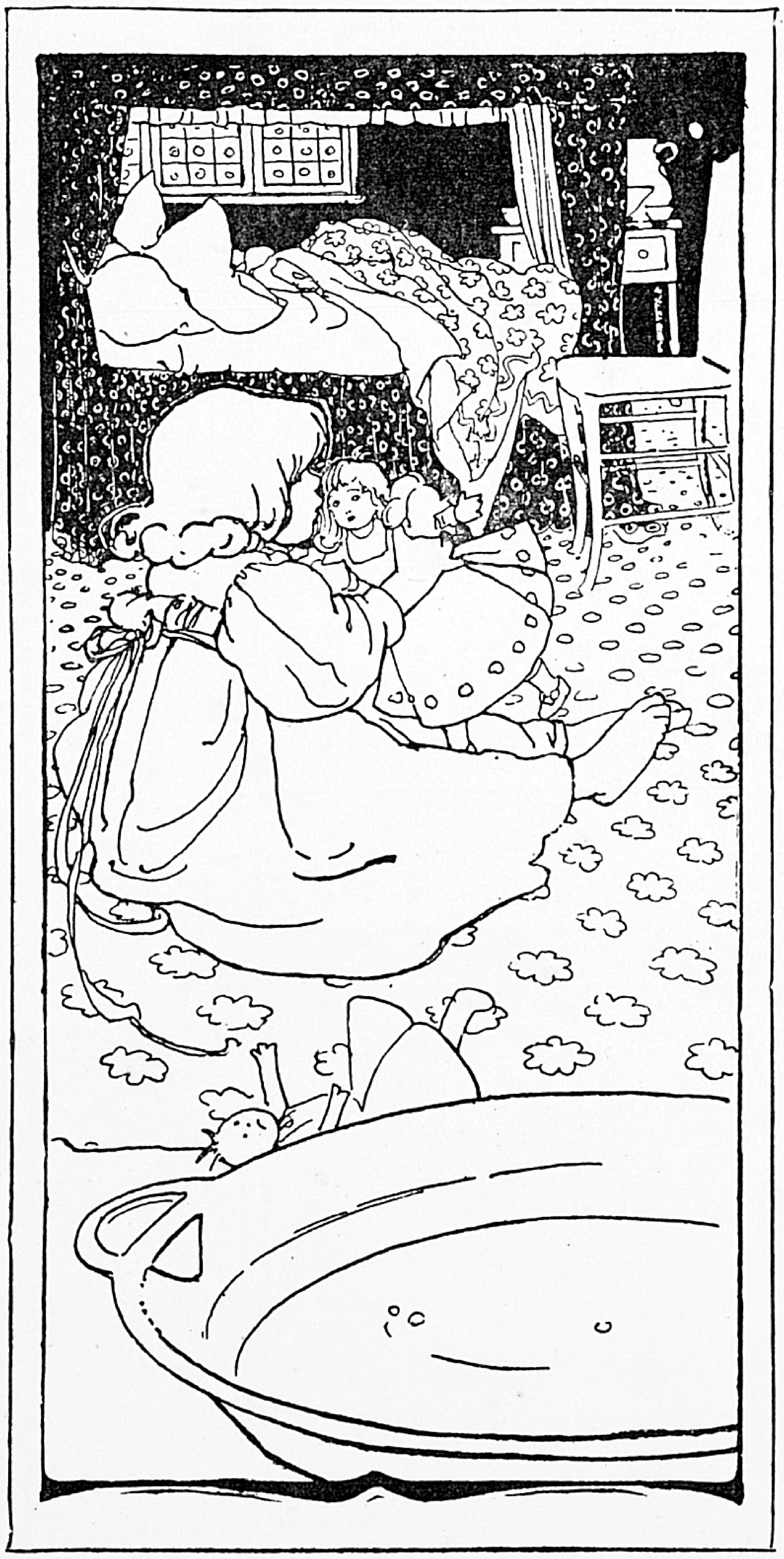
—*E. W. Wood.*



DOLLY AND I.

A SECRET.

WHEN with my doll I play or walk
I'm very careful in my talk.
To keep one thing from her I strive,—
She shall *not* know she's not alive!

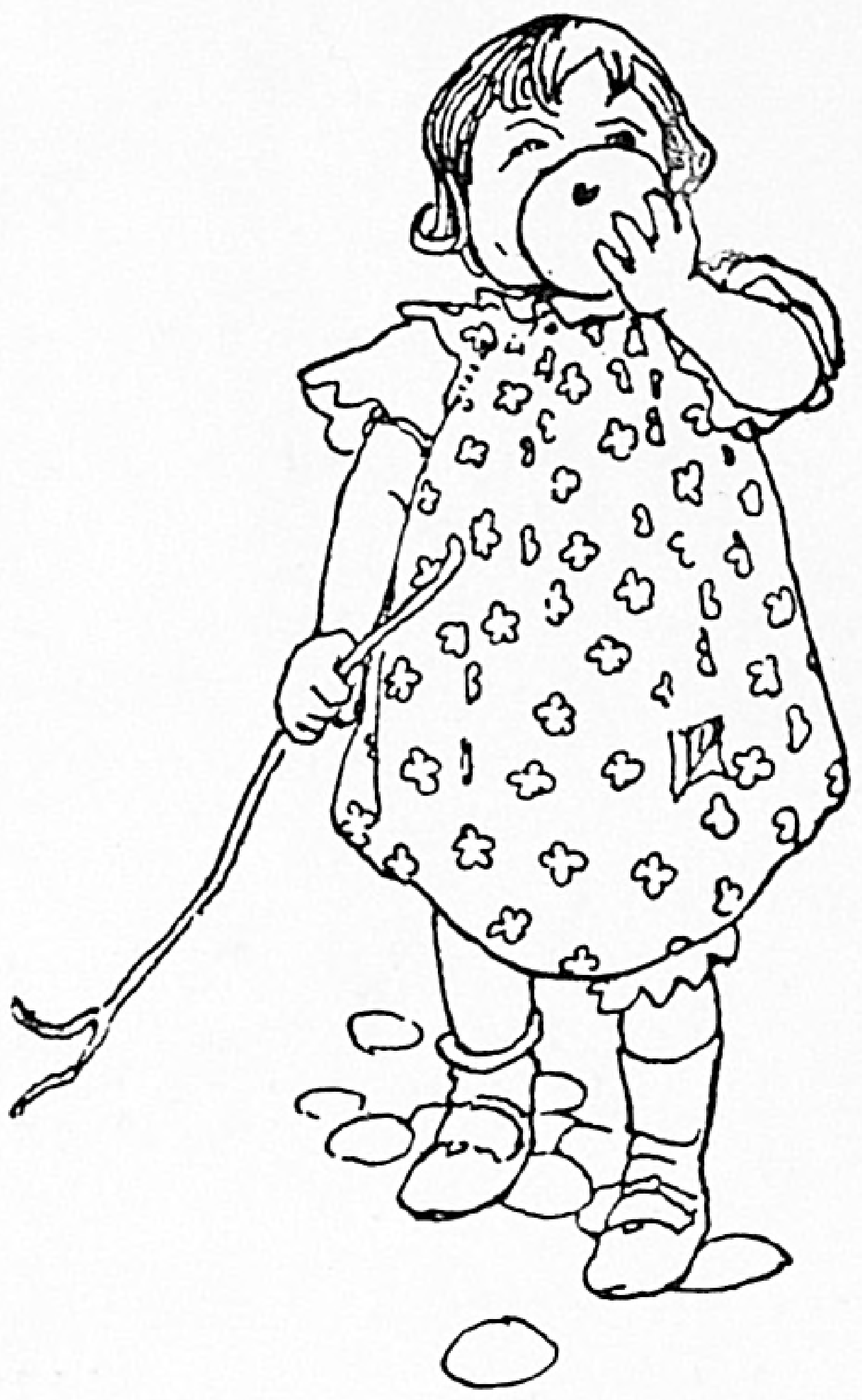


With grown-up people all about,
I'm so afraid the truth will out:
They might say things to let her see
She's not a real child like me.

And if she thought she could not think,
Or feel, or sleep, or eat, or drink,
Why, then, she would lie down and die,
Or else she'd cry, and cry, and cry.

—*Mrs. Percy Dearmer.*

THREE KITTENS IN ONE HAMMOCK.



ONE day, as I was walking through the wood, suddenly Spot, my puppy, rushed away.

"Spot! Spot!" I called; but Spot took no notice, although not far off I heard him barking loudly.

I hurried after him, and when I came close to where he was I threw my stick at him to punish him for his disobedience. But not the least notice did Spot take of either shouts or stick, so I pushed the branches aside, and there I saw Spot barking angrily at three kittens that were peeping over the side of a hammock slung under the shade of an oak.

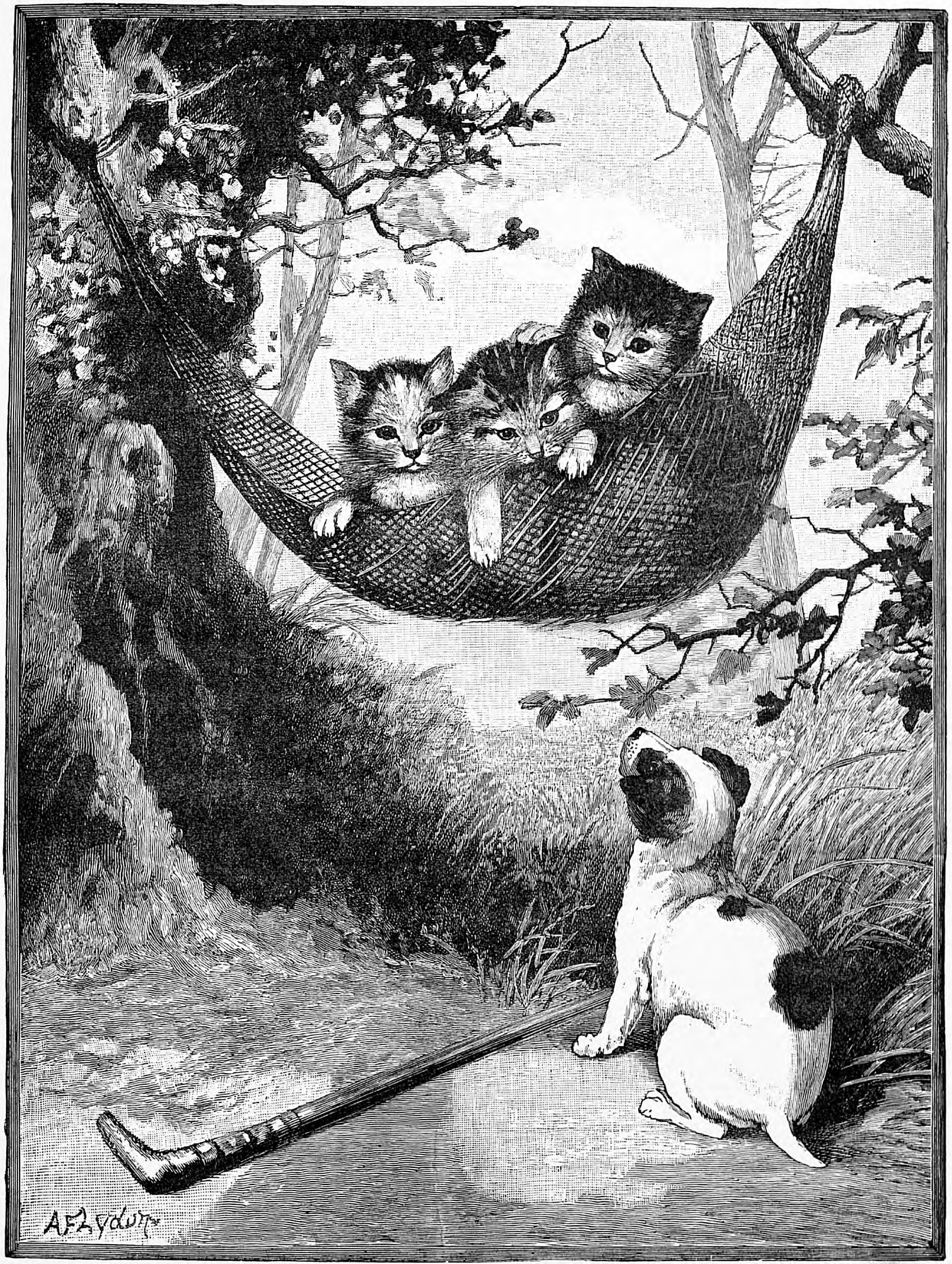
"Well!" cried I; "I've seen queer things in the woods, but never did I see such a funny thing as three kittens in a hammock! Who put them there? I must find out all about them."

So I sat down with Spot on my knees, and waited to see what would happen.

Presently I saw a little girl coming along, carrying a cup of milk and a broken saucer. She came up to the hammock, poured out some milk into the saucer, and, lifting out the kittens, gave them their food.

"Are those your kittens?" I asked.

"Yes," said the little girl. "At least, one is to be mine, but the other two are to be drowned. Aunt Jane says I may keep whichever one I like, so I brought them out here to



THREE KITTENS IN ONE HAMMOCK.

choose which I like best, but they are all so pretty I can't make up my mind. Oh! I wish Aunt Jane wasn't so cross! I can't help crying when I think that two of the sweet little things will be drowned to-night!" And as she spoke she sobbed bitterly.

"Isn't there anyone you know who would be glad to take the kittens?" I suggested.

"No! There isn't anybody who wants them—" then, suddenly looking up with a tearful little smile, she added: "Oh, sir, would you take one? I'll let you take the prettiest of them, if you'll only save it from being drowned!"

Now I had already a cat of my own, but the little girl looked so hopeful that I said:

"Well, I suppose I must!"

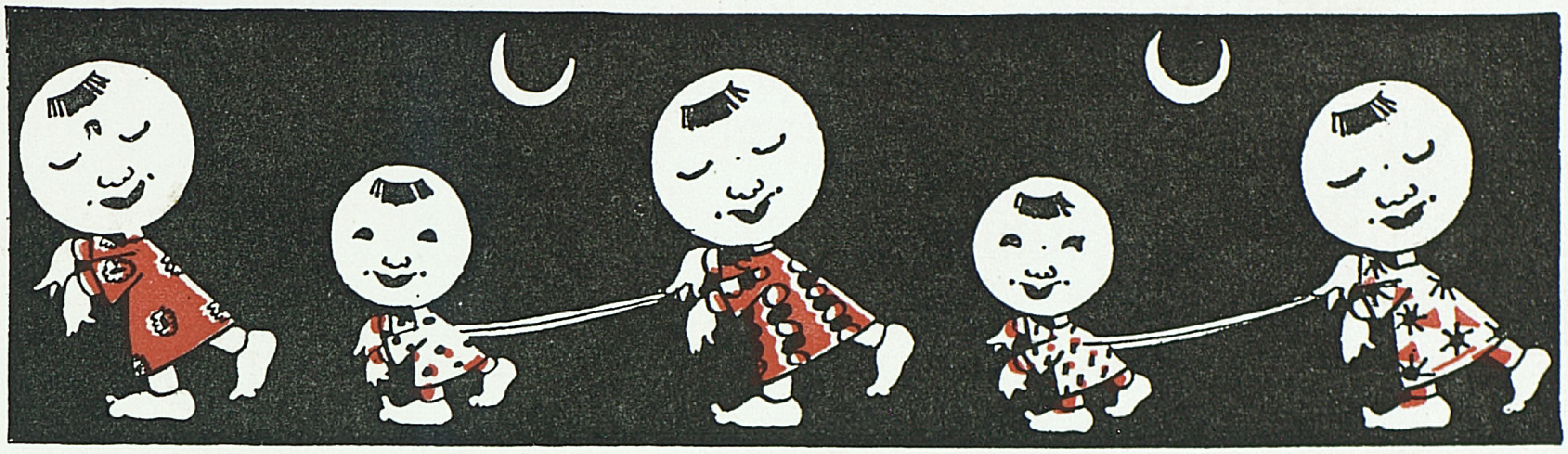
"Oh! which do you think is the prettiest?" said she eagerly. "I think this little darling is the sweetest, but you can have whichever you like."

"I'll take that other little brown rogue," I decided.

"Here it is then! Now, I am so glad to think that two of them will be saved, but oh! isn't it dreadful that this little wee one must die? It is just as pretty as the others!"

"One kitten is quite enough for me, thank you," I said gruffly, afraid that my heart might relent further. "It will fit here in the pocket of my greatcoat." And I held the pocket open. The little girl looked up at me with a roguish smile.

"A greatcoat has *two* pockets, sir!" she cried, and before I knew what she was doing, she had stuffed a kitten into both of my pockets, and then, catching up her own favourite, she ran laughing away through the trees.

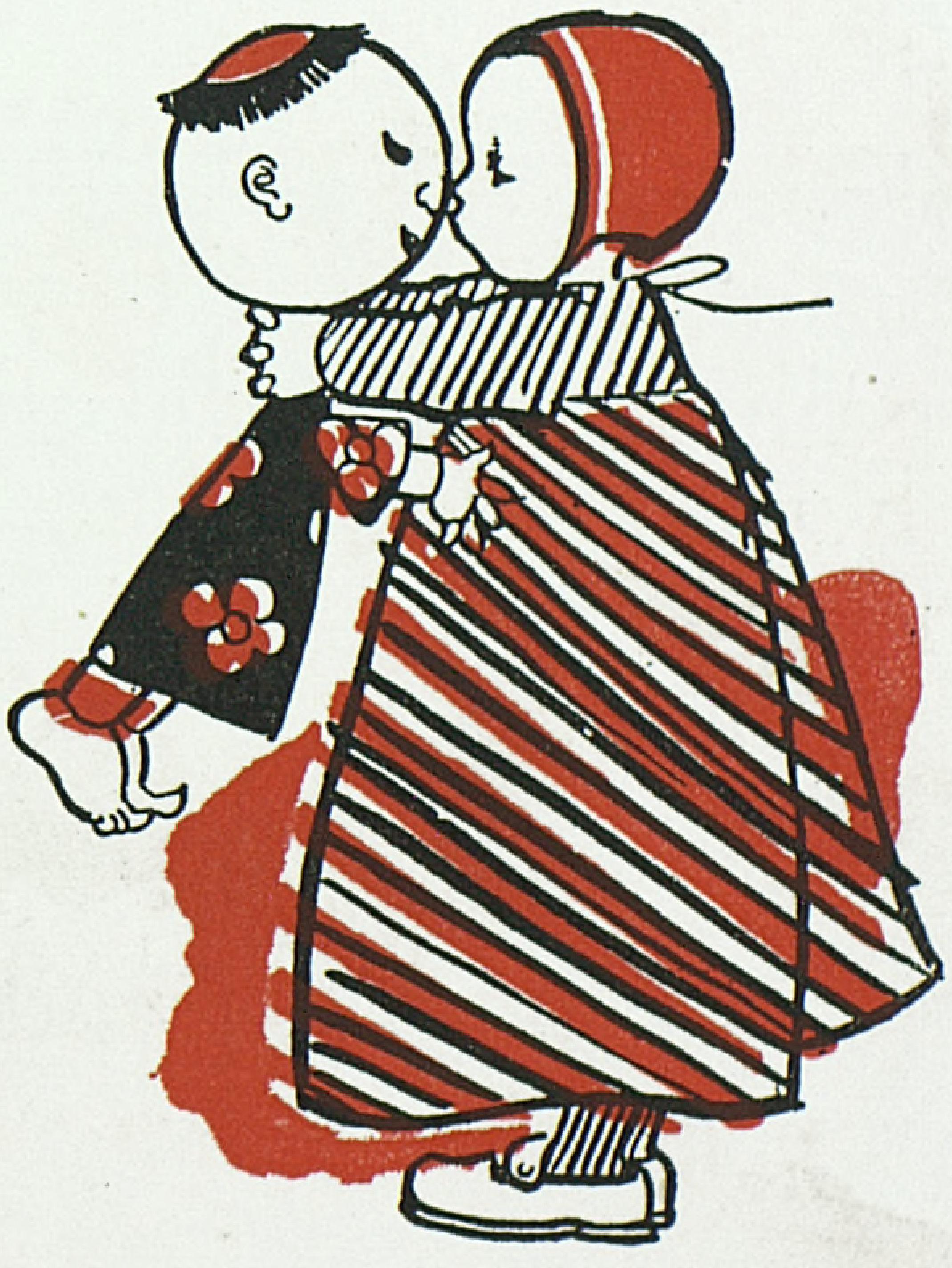


THE JAPPY DOLLY.

KISSY-KISSY, little Jappy,
I love you, so please be happy,
Though your own dear dolly home
Lies across the rolling foam!

When you nestle on my lappie,
You're my own, my little Jappy,
With your funny shaven crown,
Sweetest doll in all the town!

When we go out for a walkee,
How I wish that you could talkee,
Then perhaps you'd tell me this—
What's the Japanese for Kiss!



—*Clifton Bingham.*

WHO WORKED THE HARDER?

THINK how nice it must be to be you, Tom!" Elsie said to the old fisherman, who sat watching her and her brother and sister at play.

"Why, Missie?" asked the old man.

"Because you live here all the year round, with nothing to do, whilst we shall have to go back to town and school."

Tom smiled. "It's not quite so pleasant as you think," he said. "I have been out fishing all night, and am going shrimping presently. Would you like to come and help me?"

"Yes, yes," cried all three children, and very soon they were paddling about in the water, with their shrimping-nets.

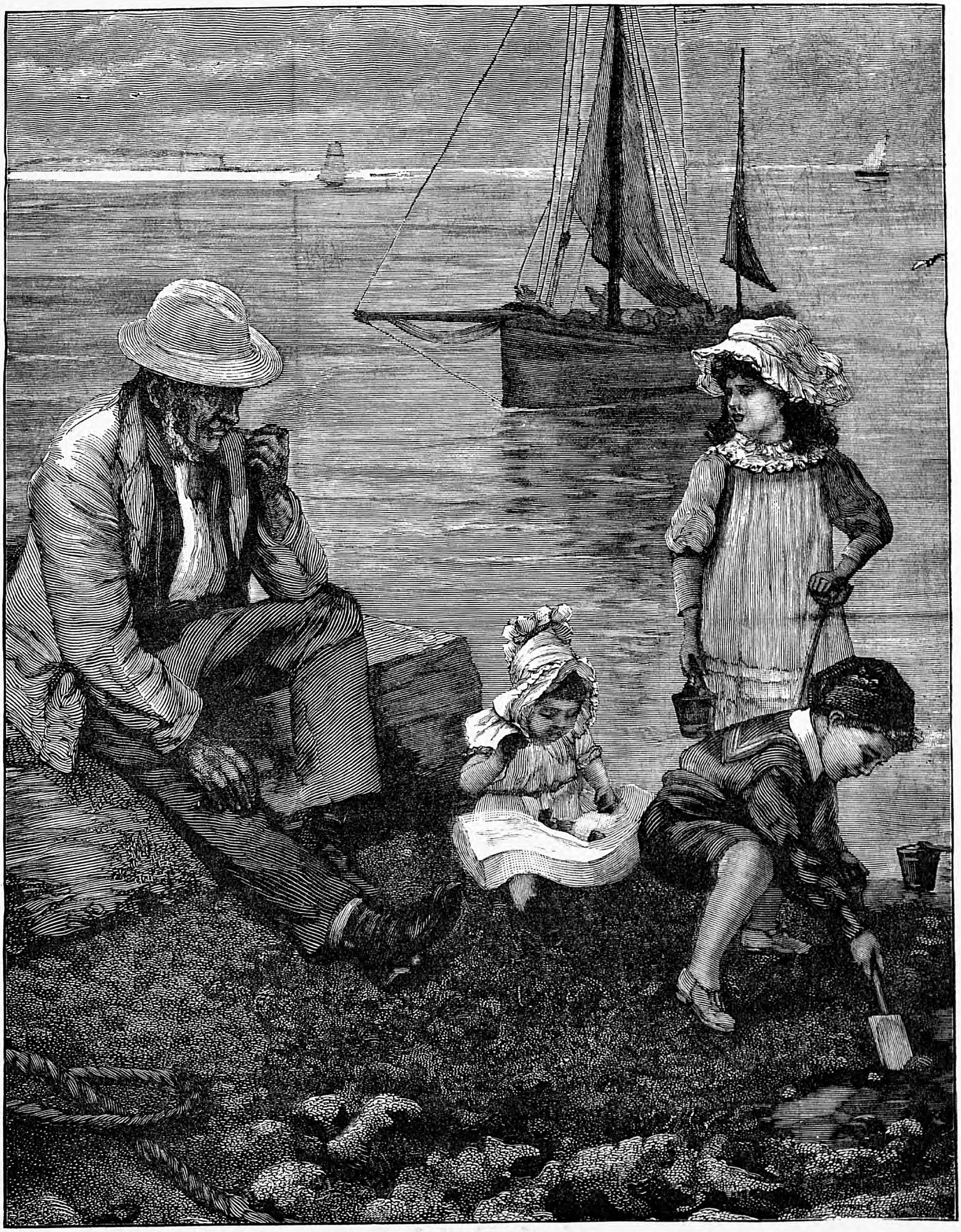
When they grew tired, and begged Tom to come out of the water and build them a sand-castle, the old man said:

"I can't, my basket is not half full of shrimps; but if you're tired you had better run home."

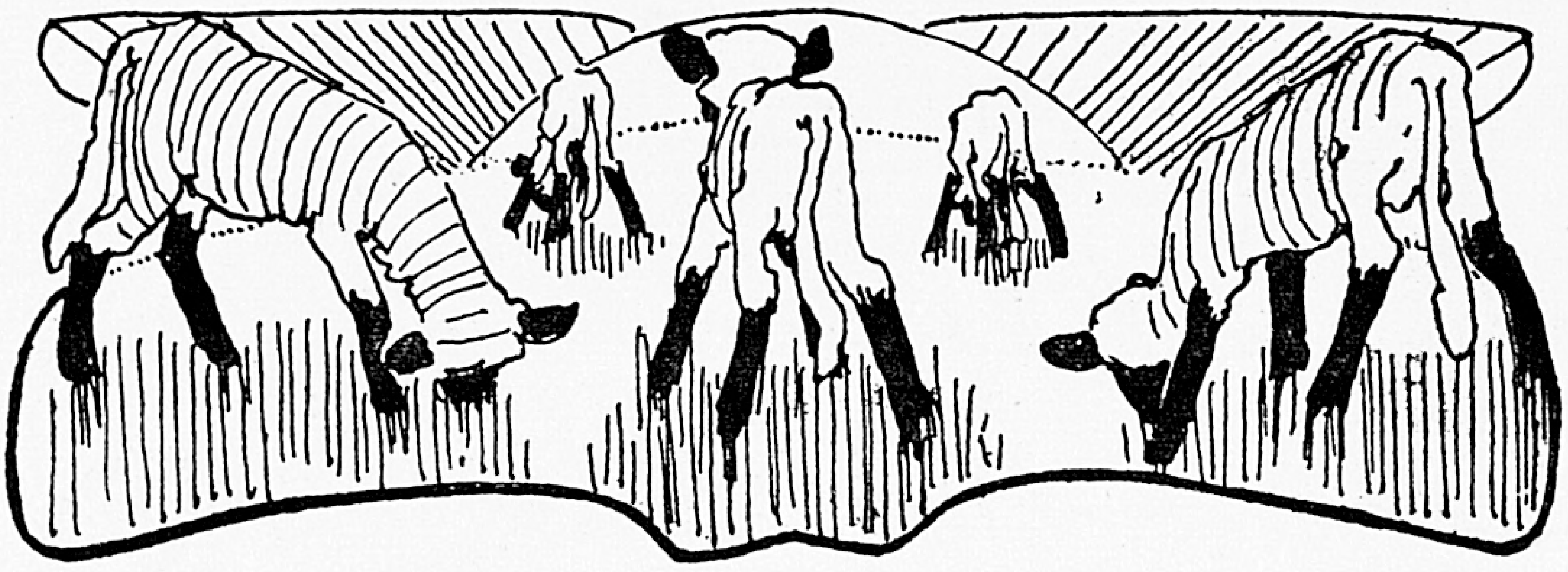
That night there was a terrible storm, and the children could not sleep for the noise of the wind and rain, and all that time their friend the fisherman was tossing about on the sea. But in the morning his little boat sailed safely into port, and Elsie said: "Oh, Tom, you must never go out again at night; we thought you would be drowned!"

"But I must," said Tom, "for it's my work." Then he gave a sly smile, and added: "Of course, it's not so bad as having hard lessons to learn."

"I was a silly," Elsie laughed. "I'd sooner do lessons all day long than have to be out in a storm as you were last night."



AT THE SEASIDE.



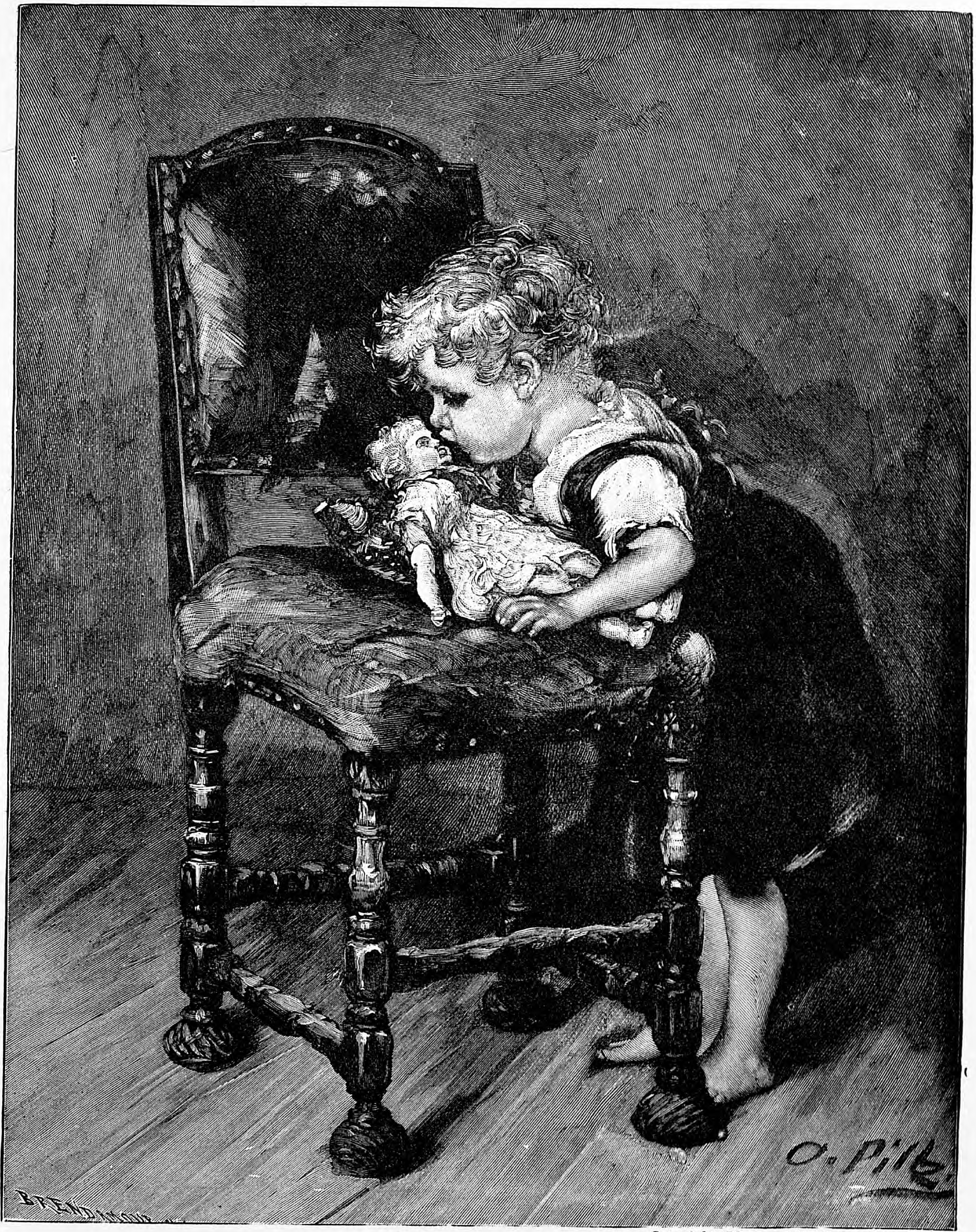
POLLY'S DOLLY.

SHINING eyes, very blue,
Opened very wide;
Yellow curls, very stiff,
Hanging side by side.

Chubby cheeks, very pink,
Lips red as holly;
No ears, and only thumbs,—
That's Polly's Dolly.

Merry eyes, very round;
Hair crimped and long;
Two little cherry lips
Sending forth a song.

Very plump and rather short,
Grand ways to Dolly;
Fond of games, fond of fun,—
That's Dolly's Polly.


BRENDAMOUR
O. Pilz

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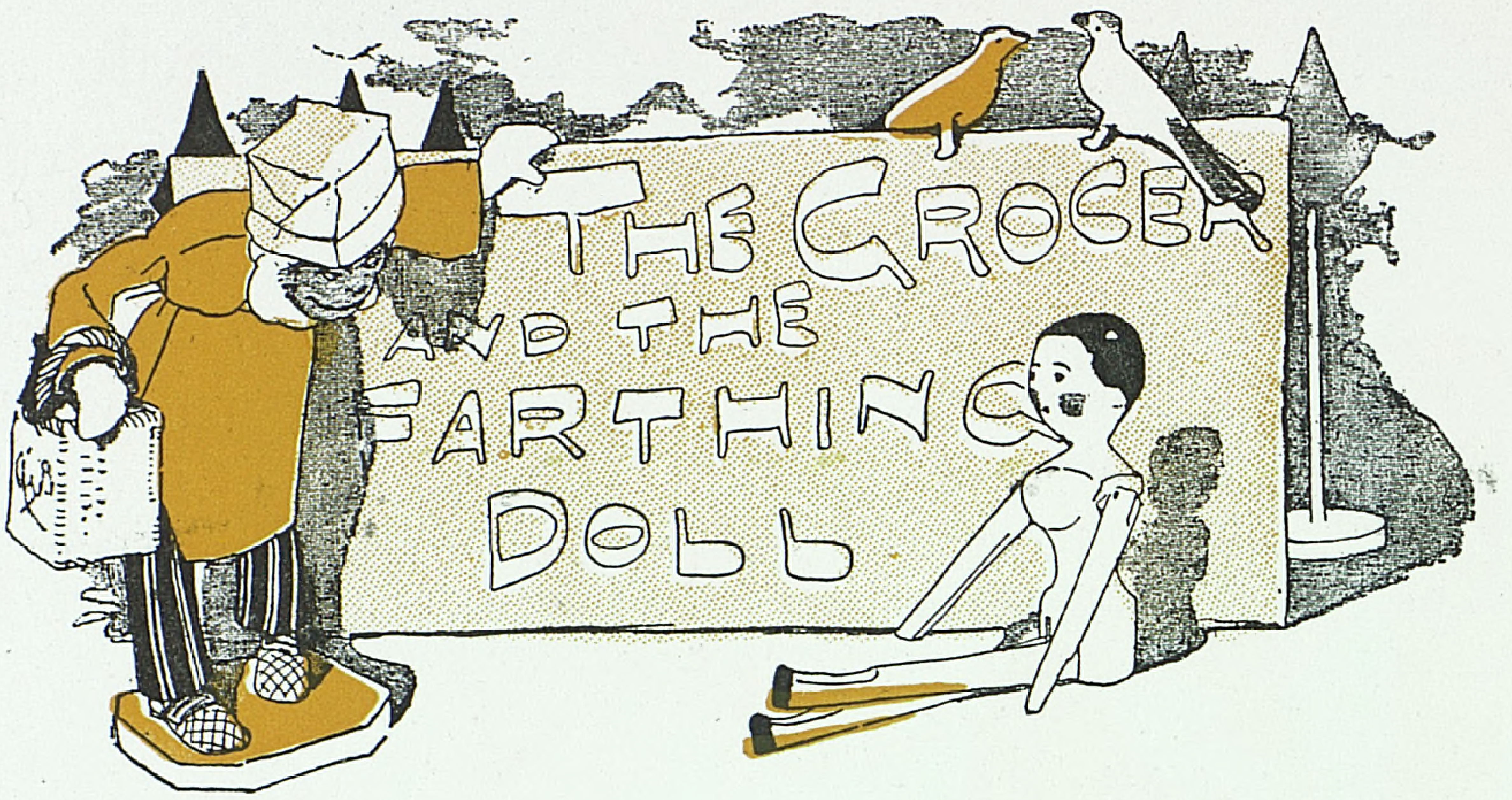
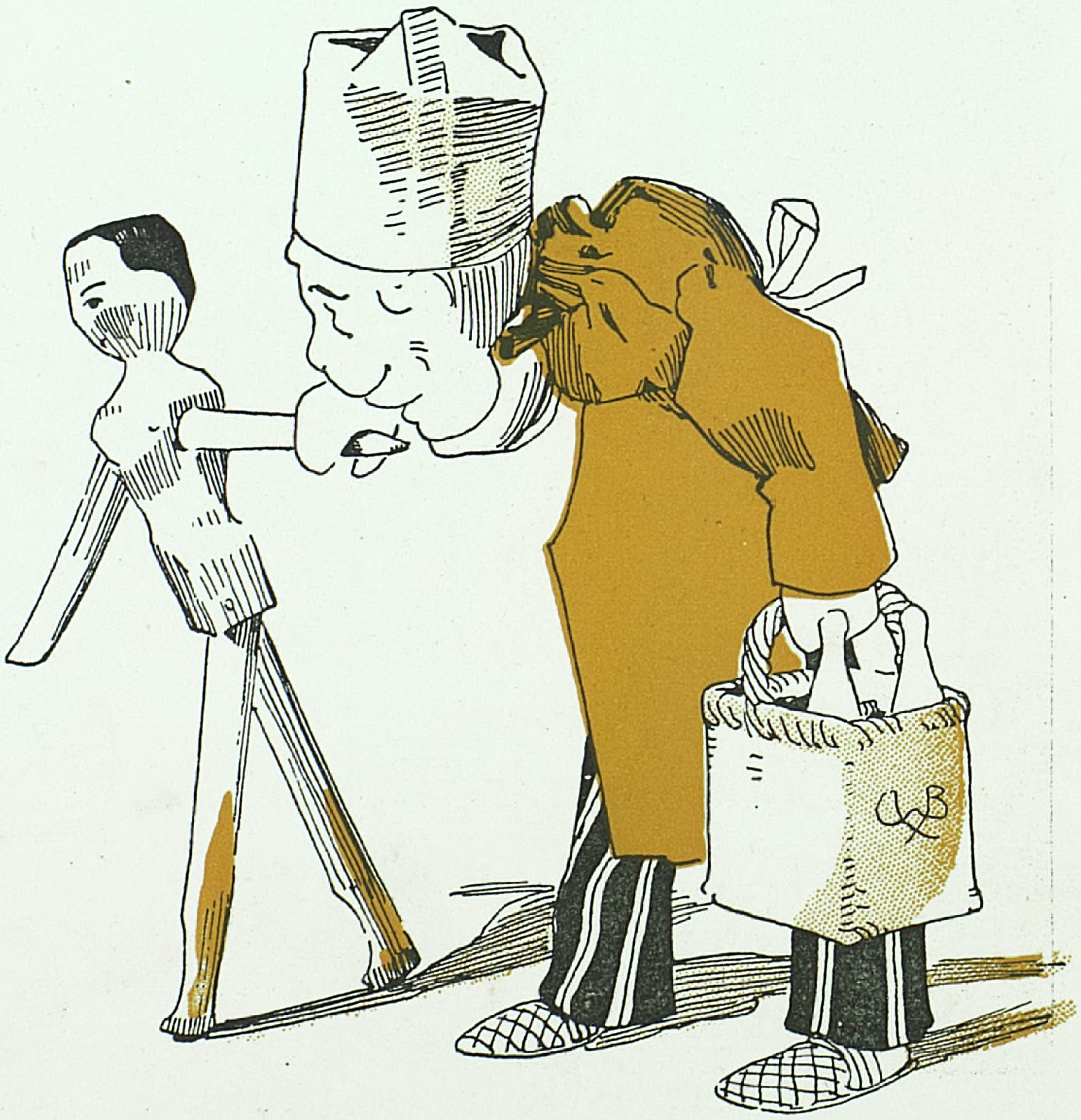
POLLY'S DOLLY.

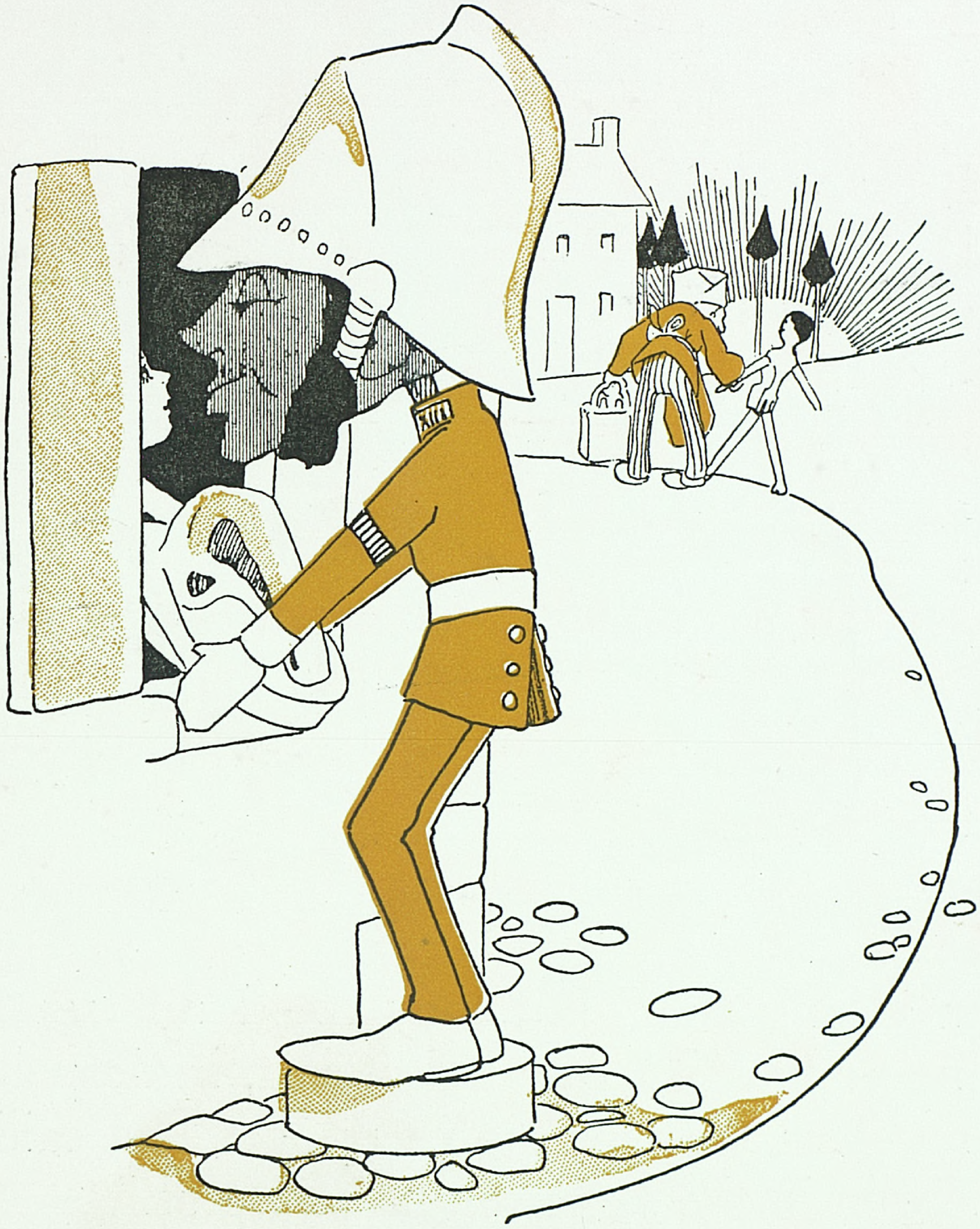
B 15



NEVER was there a love affair more perplexing than the love affair of the Grocer and the Farthing Doll. It puzzled the whole toy-shop; it even puzzled the two lovers themselves.



Everyone knew that the Grocer and the Farthing Doll loved each other; the Grocer knew he loved the Farthing Doll, but he didn't know that she loved him; the Farthing Doll knew that she loved the Grocer, but she didn't know that he loved her. It was thus that matters stood, when, walking



sadly along the counter one day, the Grocer came face to face with the Farthing Doll.

"I'm very pleased to see you," he said.

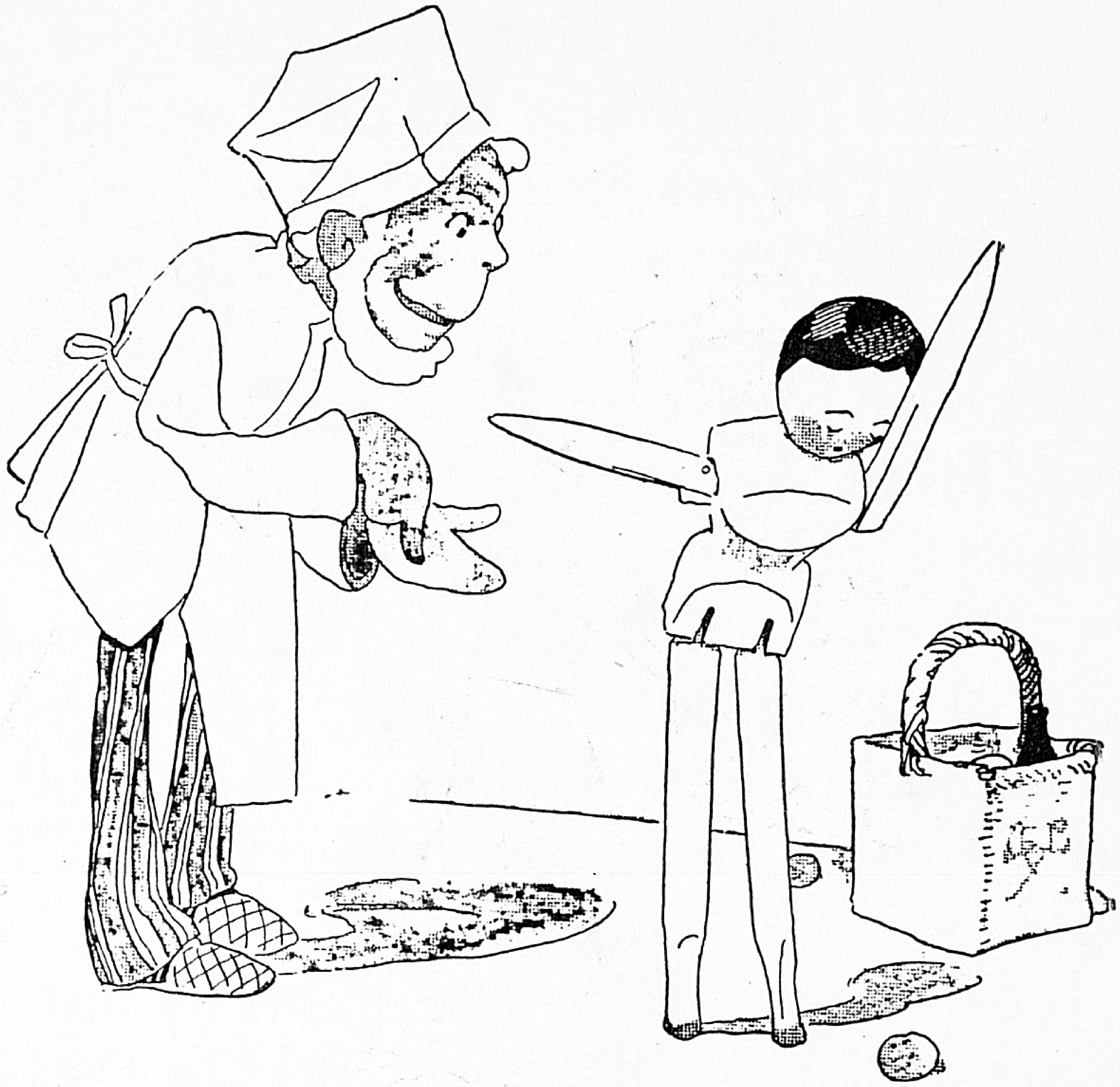
"I am glad of that, for I have every wish to please you," said the Farthing Doll.

"Ah!" said the Grocer, "you may wish to please, without loving. For instance, you may try to please a turkey by giving him the best of grain. But that is not because you love him. It is merely because you wish to fatten him well for your Christmas dinner."

"Good-morning!" said the Farthing Doll coldly.

"Stay!" the Grocer cried. "I have an idea. We appear to have some difficulty in finding out the Truth. Let us go and hunt for it."

"Where is it to be found?" she asked.



"At the bottom of a Well, so I've heard."

So they walked away hand in hand until they met a policeman. "Constable," he said, "can you direct us to the Well with Truth at the bottom?"

"First to the right, second to the left, and keep on till you come to it," the Policeman answered.

They sought for a long time, but they could not see a sign of it. "We'll never find it," she said at last, in despair.

"Come, come, my dear, we won't give up yet," he said. "Many others have been in the same plight before us."

"I don't mind if they have," she said, tired and impatient.

Now the Grocer was a man of quick mind. "Wait!" he said thoughtfully. "You mentioned the word *mind*. Mind,—mind,—mind. Yes,—now, why should we not give up seeking for Truth in a Well, and try to find it in our minds? Let us begin. Here is my first question: Do you approve of marriages with Grocers?"

"Before I answer," she said cautiously, "I should like to hear if you approve of marriages with Farthing Dolls."

"But," he replied, "supposing I said 'Yes' and you said 'No', fancy how my pride would suffer!"

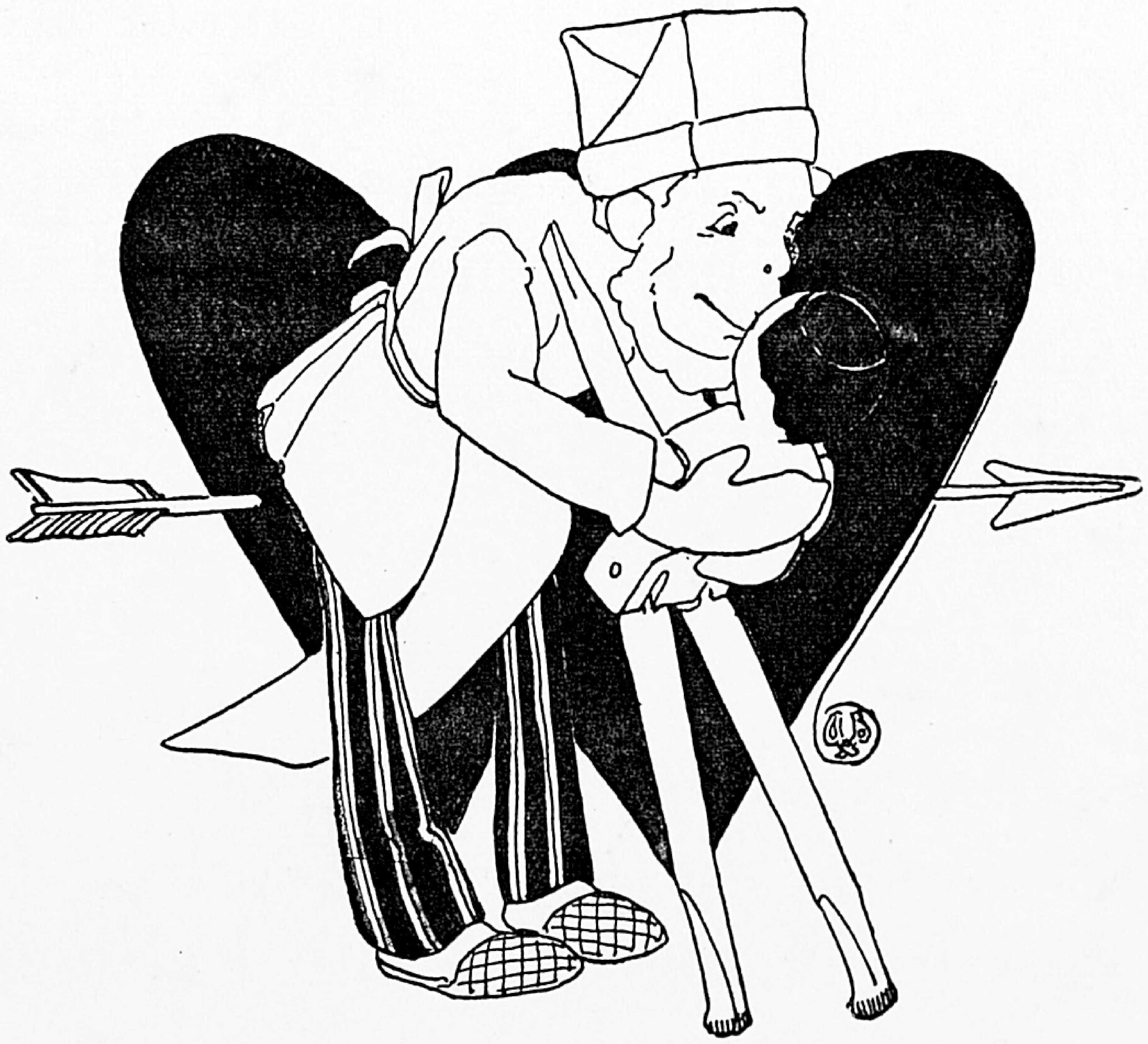
"But supposing *I* said 'Yes' and *you* said 'No', picture to yourself what *my* feelings would be."

The Grocer thought for a long while. Then he spoke again. "I have another idea," he remarked. "Let us look for Truth, not in the Well, nor in our Minds, but in our Hearts. Do you agree?"

"Yes, I do," she said. "But how shall we set about it?"

"Let our Hearts speak," he replied. Then the Grocer and the Farthing Doll clasped each other's hands and spoke at the same moment. "My Heart's Dearest, I love you," said he. "You are my Best Beloved," said she.

So these two lovers found Truth at last: not in the bottom of a Well, but in the depths of their own Hearts. And they married and were happy ever after.



THE DISCONTENTED GOOSE.

I AM tired of the green," grumbled the Goose. "And I am tired of the pond, and of those stupid ducks with their continual quacking. I will go into the wide world, and mix with my equals."

And she waddled down the dusty lane.

"You will be sorry for it," said the Donkey, who had just found a delicious prickly thistle which he was munching.

"Mind your own business," replied the Goose.

"Are you going to see where the sage and onions grow?" asked the old Drake, winking his little black eye.

But the Goose held her head high, and waddled on without taking any notice of him.

"Silly creatures!" said she to herself. "It is because they do not know any better, that they are contented to stay on this dull green."

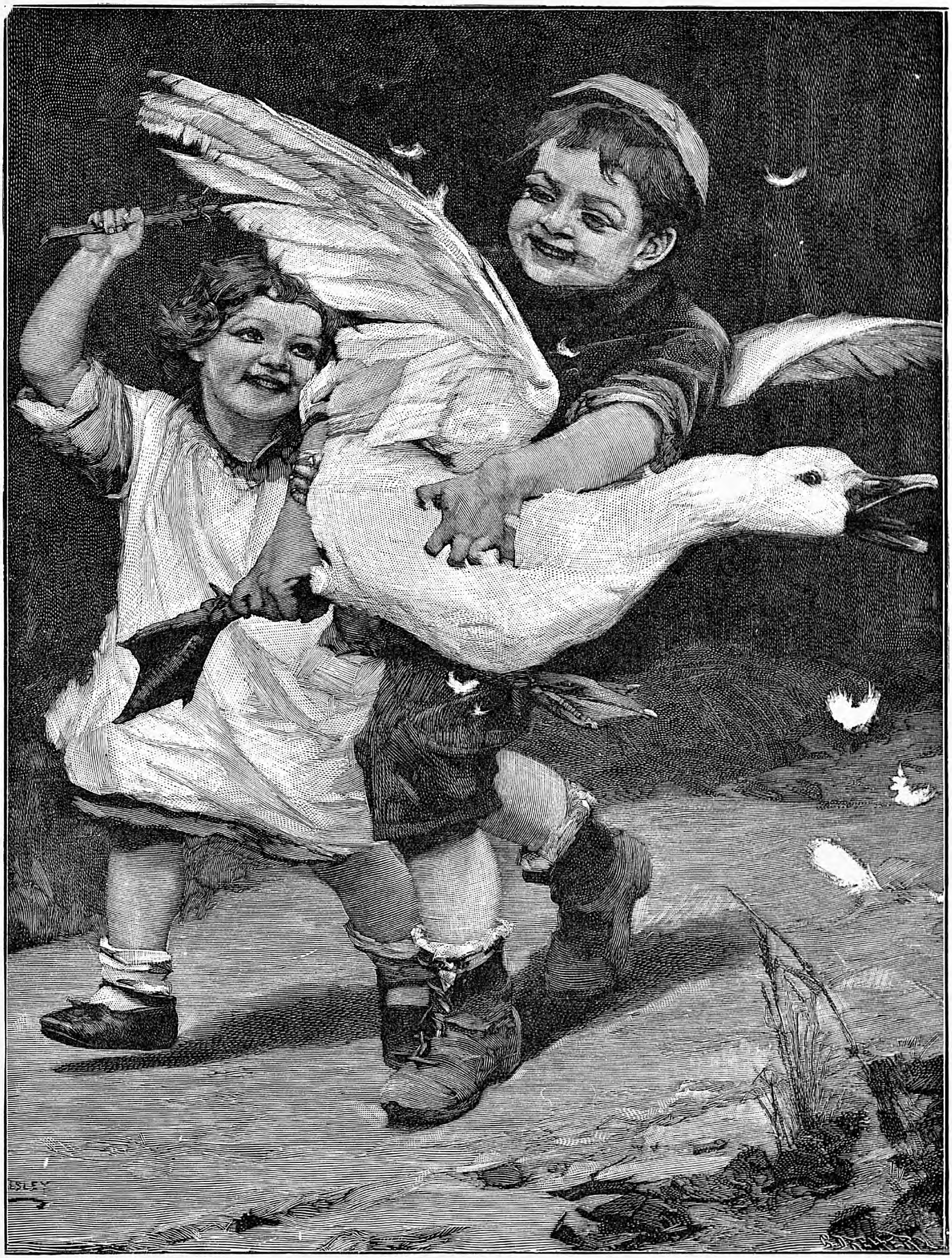
At the end of the lane, she met Tommy and Willie.

"Look, here is our Goose!" cried Willie. "She is running away. Go back, Goosey-gander!" And he waved his arms.

"Let me pass," hissed the Goose. "I am going into the wide world." And, stretching her long neck, she pecked Willie's bare legs.

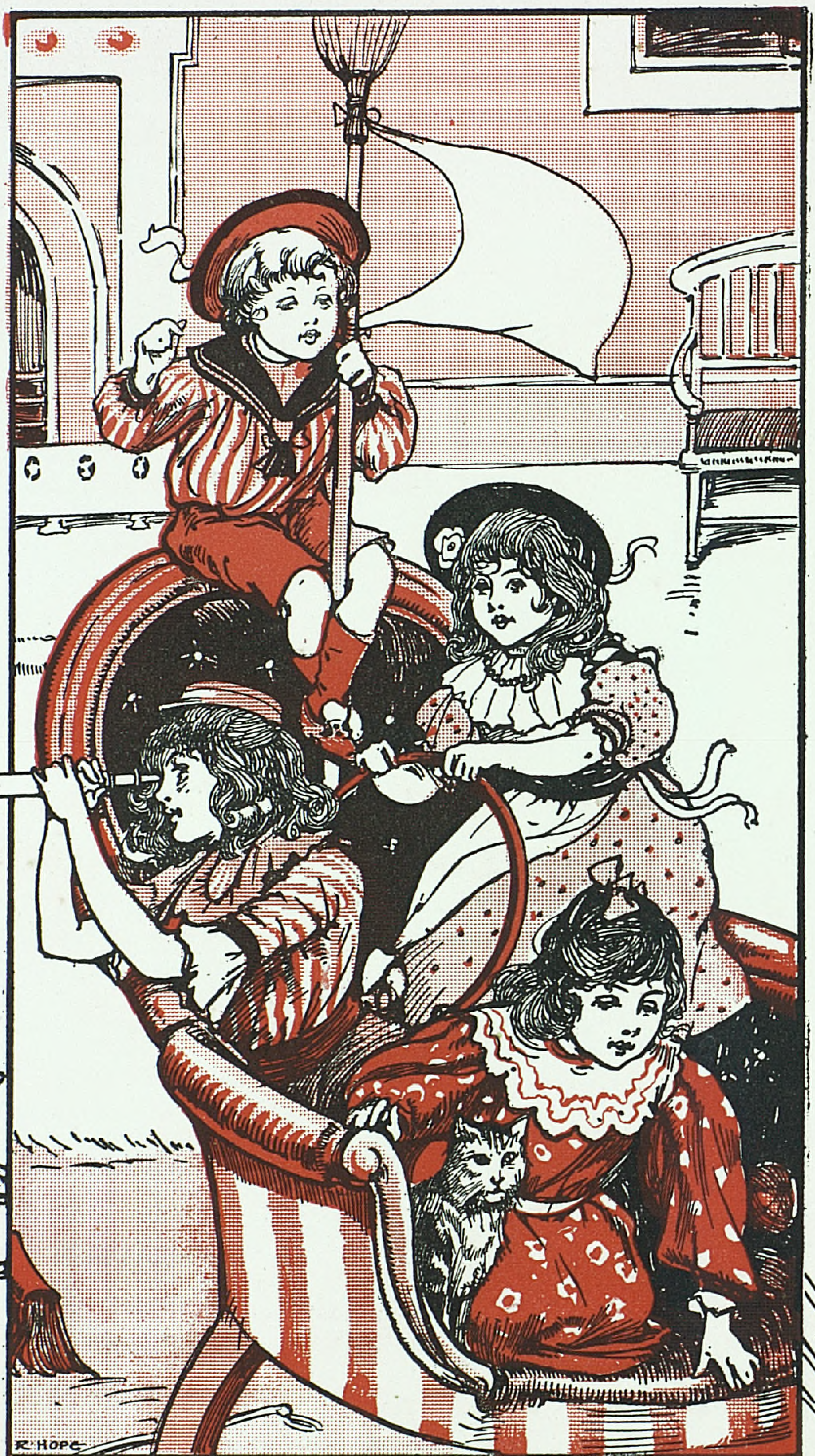
"Oh, you spiteful old Goose!" shouted Tommy, as he threw himself upon her, and, catching her by one leg, lifted her, struggling and gobbling, in his arms. After that, for a week of sunny days, the Goose was shut in the dark wood-shed.

"What a delightful place was the green!" she mused sadly. "How cool was the water in the pond! And never have I met such amusing folk as those dear ducks!"



CAUGHT.

THE SAIL IN THE ARM CHAIR



"From the fireside we sailed at half-past two o'clock,
And we got to the sideboard at three."

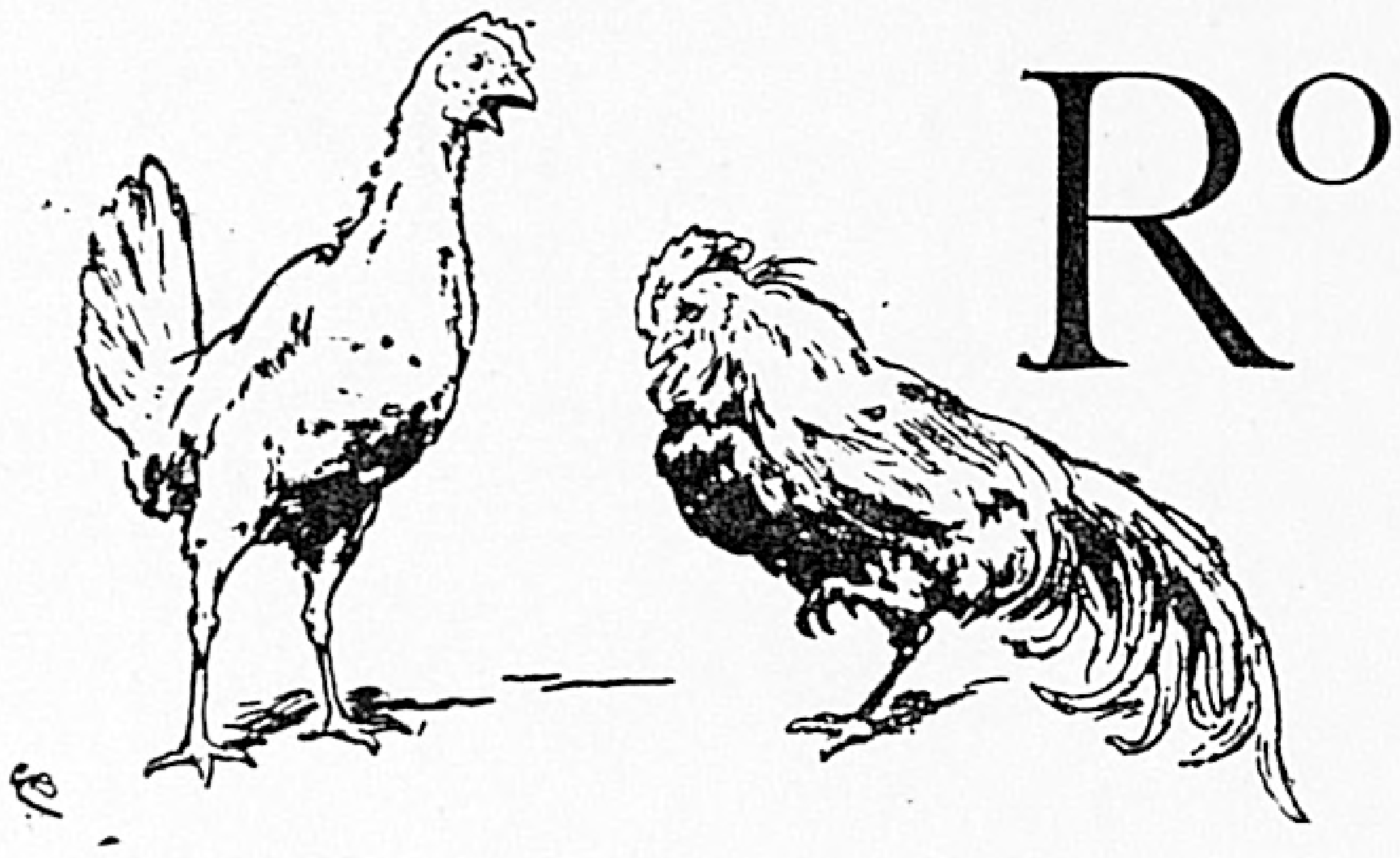
A PLEASANT SAIL.

OH, father, dear father, we've had a fine game!
We played at a sail on the sea:
Your arm-chair, it made such a beautiful ship,
And it sailed just as nice as could be.
We made Mary the captain, and Bob was the boy
Who cried "Ease her", and "Back her", and "Slow";
And Jane was the sailor who stands at the wheel,
And I watched the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandmother's cat,
And, as Tom couldn't pay, he went free;
From the fireside we sailed at half-past two o'clock,
And we got to the sideboard at three.
And, listen, dear father, just one minute more,
Till I tell you the end of the sail:
From the sideboard we went at five minutes past three,
And at four o'clock saw a big whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, as you see,
Is at least twice as big as our ship;
Our captain cried out, "Turn the ship round about!
Oh, I wish we'd not come on this trip!"
And we all cried, "Oh, yes, let us get away home,
And hide in a corner, quite snug".
So we sailed for the fireside as quick as we could,
And we landed all safe, on the rug.

TIM'S FLUTE.



ROGER BLAKE was a small boy with a large forehead and very pale cheeks. He was so often ill with headaches that at last he was taken from school, and sent to stay in the country at a farm-house belonging to his old nurse.

The first morning after his arrival Roger was awakened by a merry tune being played on a flute. He jumped out of bed and looked out of the window. In the yard below, was Tim, the cow-boy, seated on the edge of a tub, playing the flute, while round him were a couple of calves, a cock with two hens, and a pig, all of them listening to the music half-timidly, half-boldly.

Roger dressed himself quickly and ran out to the yard.

When Tim saw him, he stopped playing and grinned bashfully.

"What makes all the animals come round you?" asked Roger.

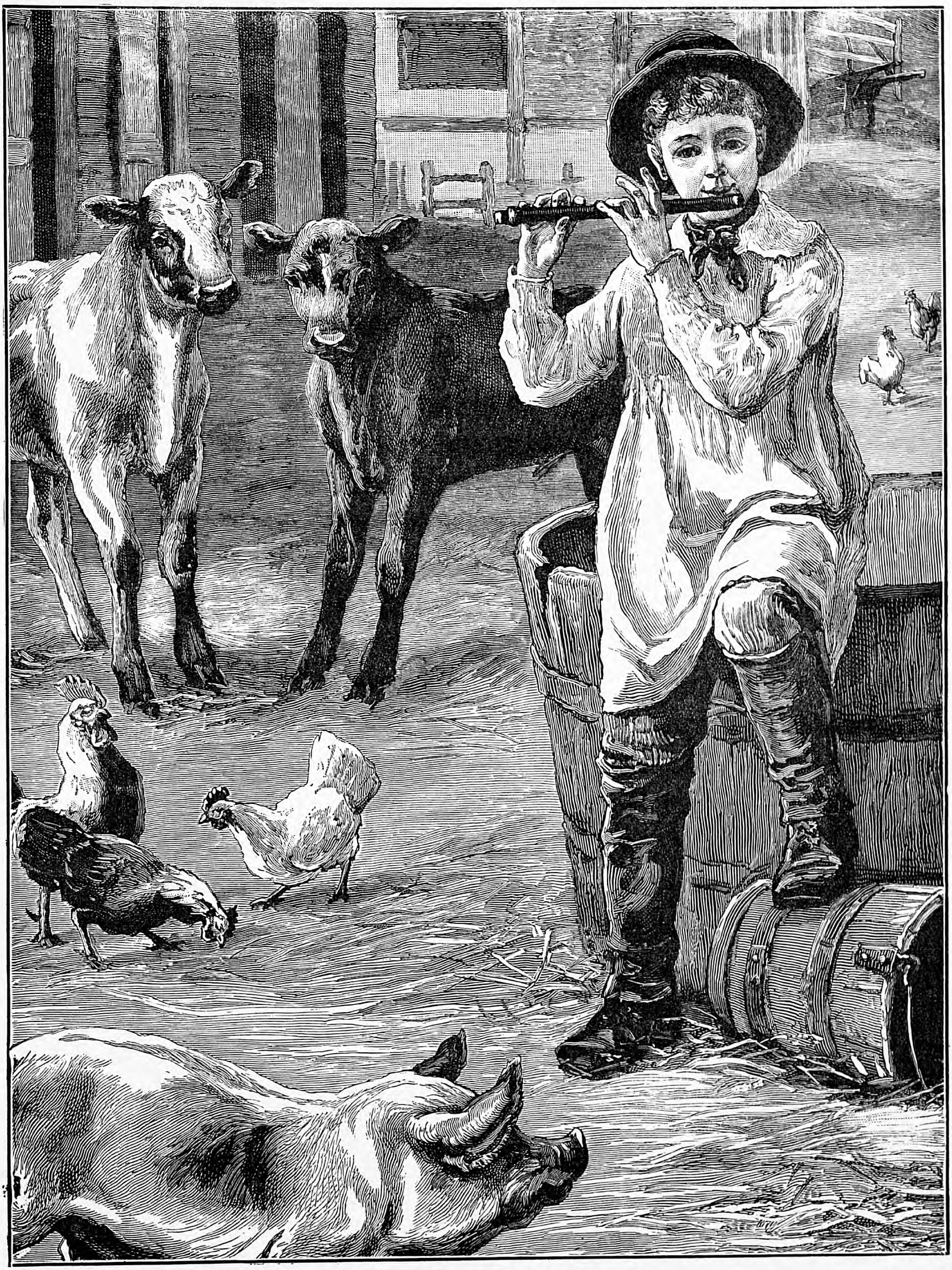
"They like a tune," replied Tim. "'Ticularly a sad one. Why! that sow there nearly cries when she hears me playing 'My lodging is on the cold ground'."

"Oh, play it!" said Roger. So Tim played, and the old sow came quite close, and even grunted to show her approval.

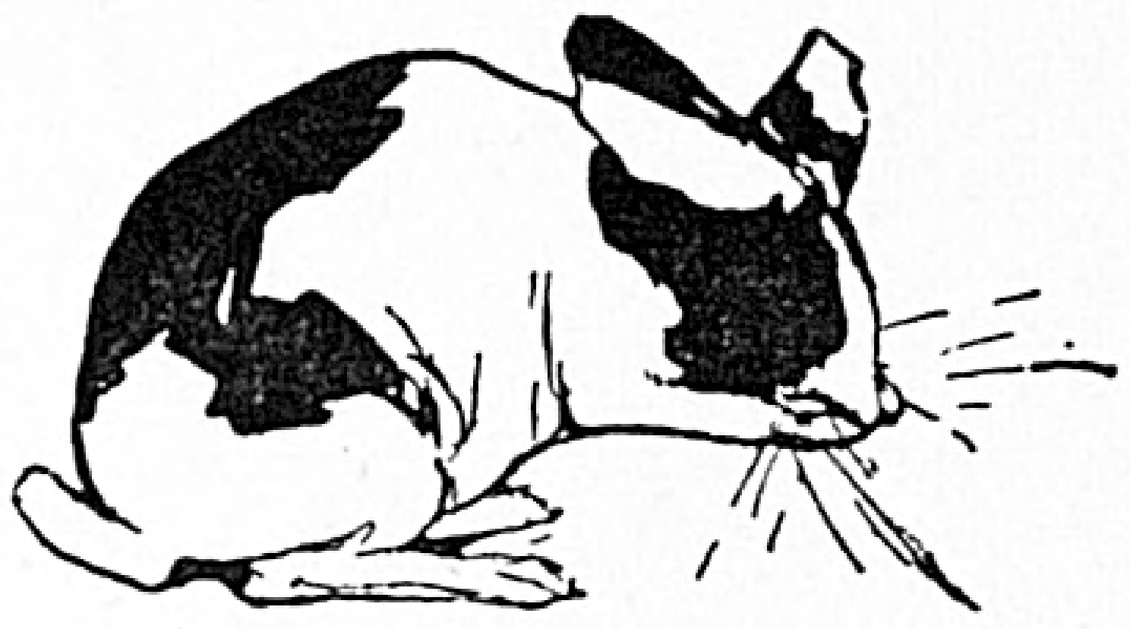
"Do you know," remarked Roger, when Tim came to the end of the tune; "that you're as good at playing as Arion?"

"Who's he?" asked Tim. "I never heard tell of him."

"If you learned Latin you'd know all about him,"



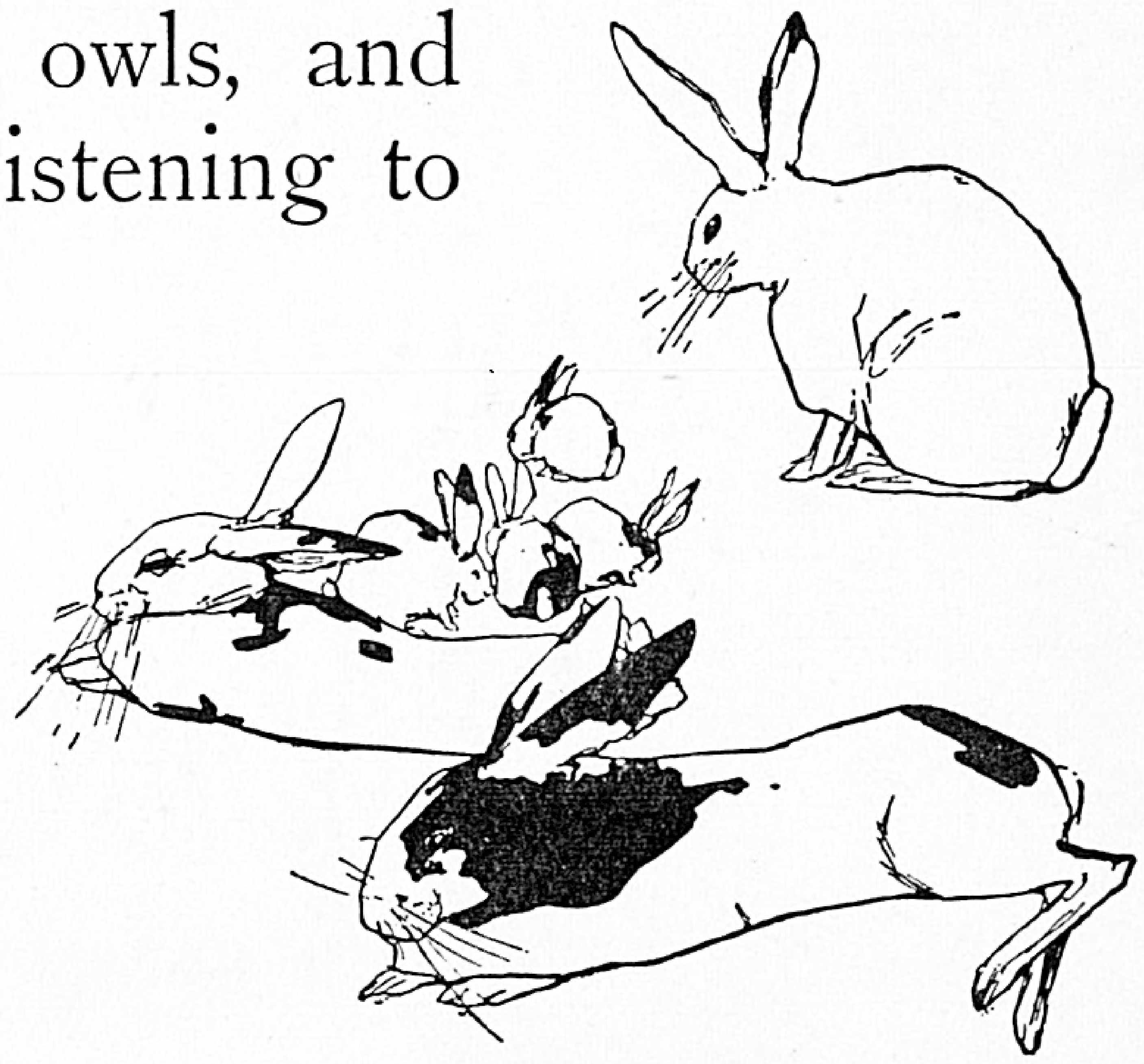
MUSIC IN THE FARMYARD.



explained Roger; "an' most likely hate him. He was a fellow who lived long ago, and he was able to play so well that when he played even a wolf would stop from running after a lamb, and come to listen to him."

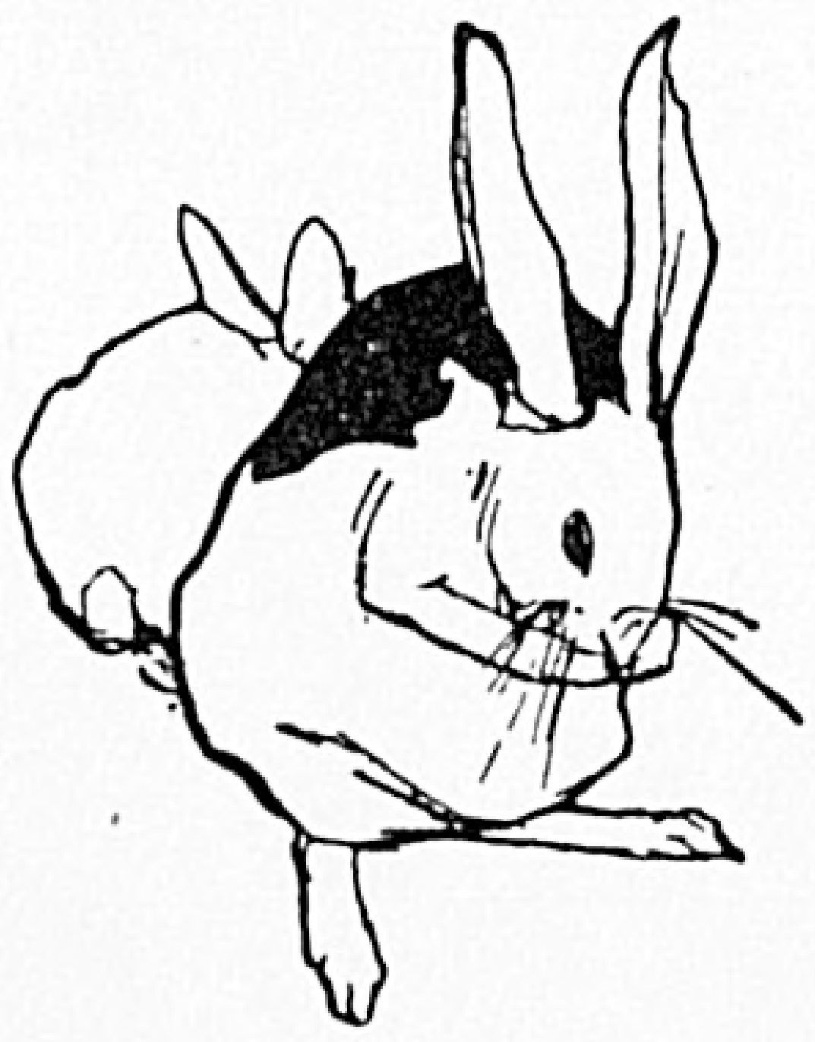
"Lor'! wasn't he frightened? I wouldn't have breath to play a jews'-harp if I saw a wolf sitting looking at me!"

"I don't know whether he was frightened or not, but at any rate he used to go on playing till he had dogs, and hares, and deers, and owls, and doves, and hawks all round him, listening to his song."



"An' what was the end of him?" inquired Tim.

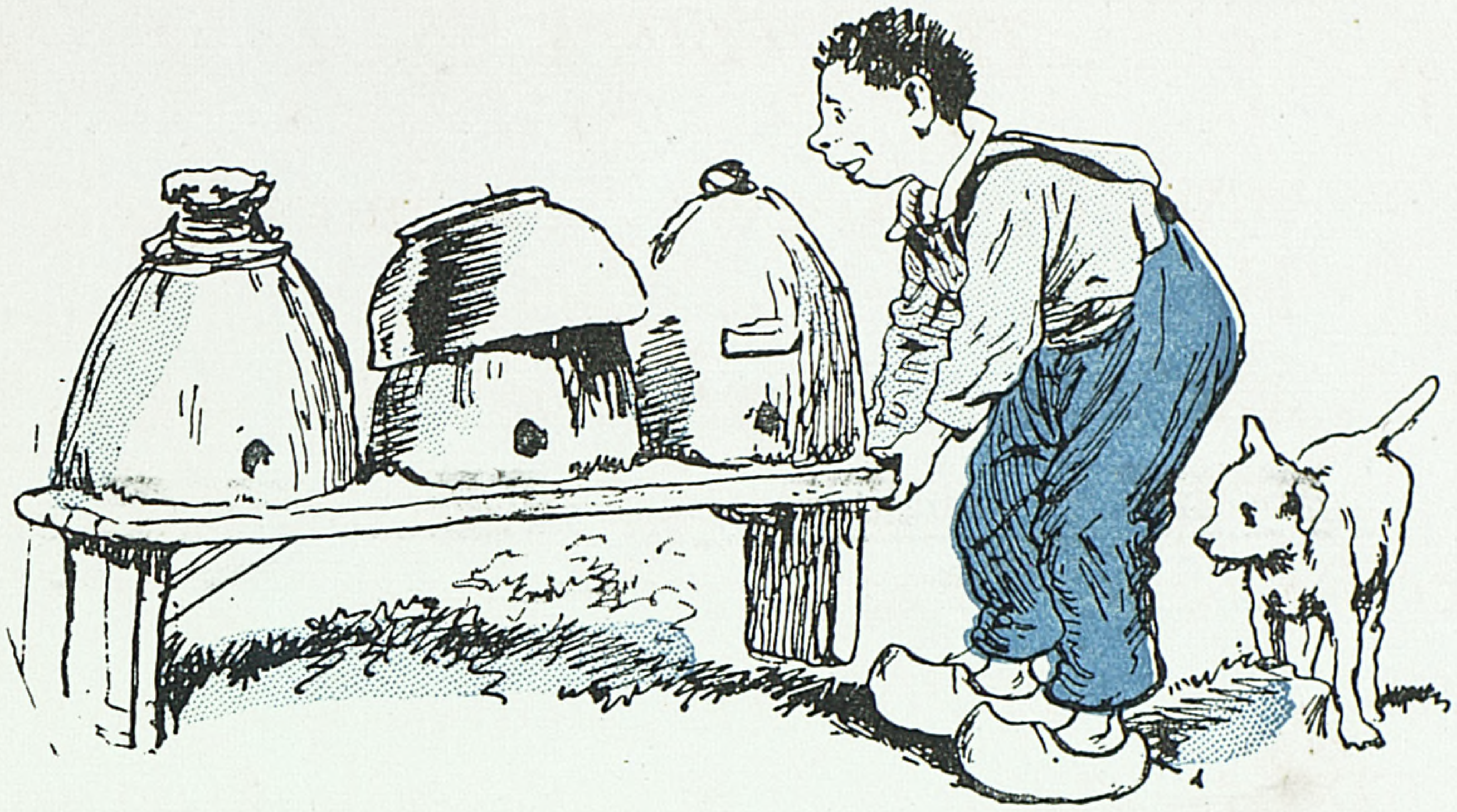
"Well! One time, when he was coming home in a ship, the sailors got very angry with him for something and were going to throw him into the sea, but he asked them to let him play a tune first. So they let him, and he played such a beautiful tune that a big fish came up to listen. Arion jumped down on its back, and the good old fish swam with him safe to land."



"And is it really true?" asked Tim.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Roger.

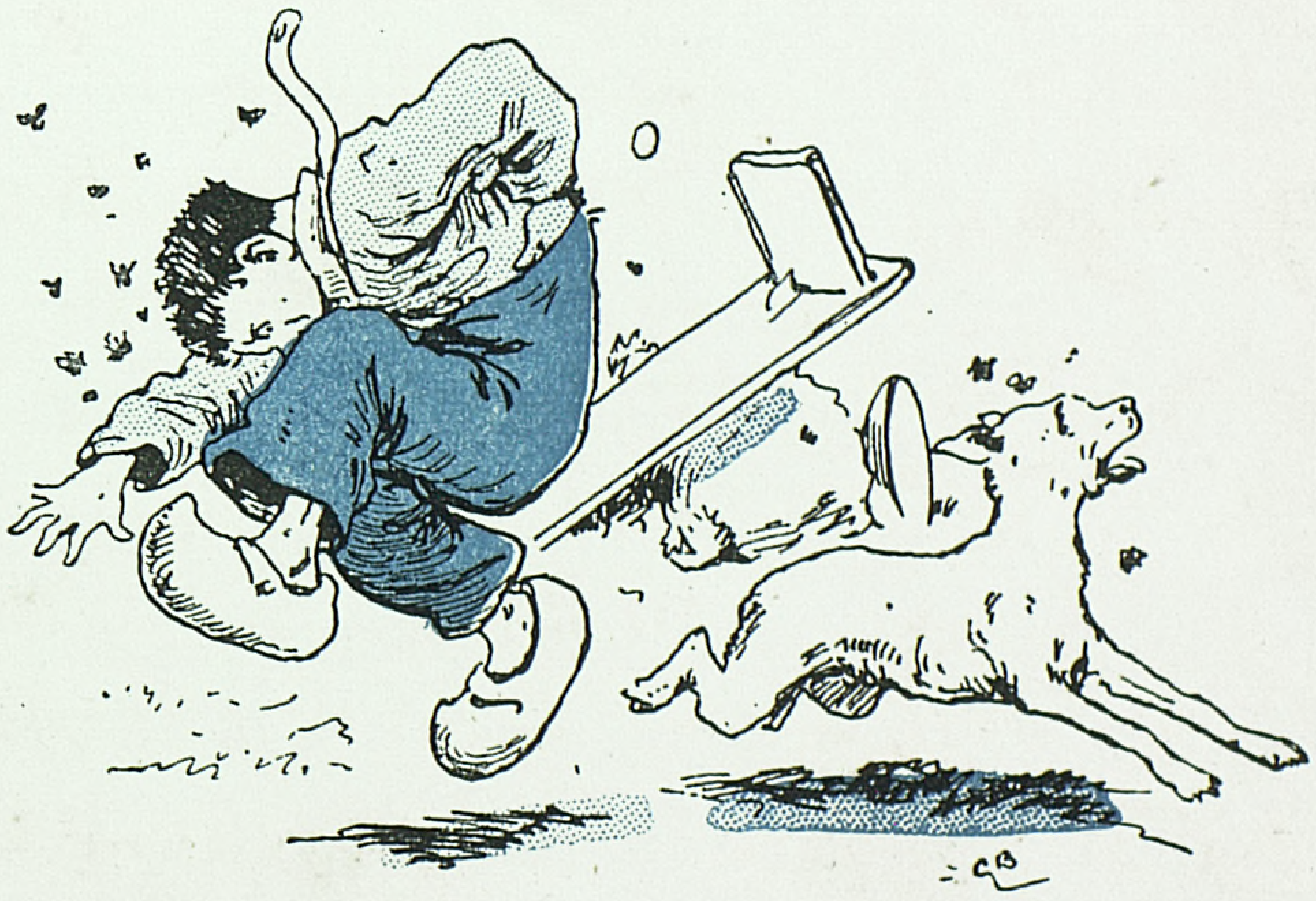
"At any rate, it's a jolly story," said Tim, as he hurried off to feed the rabbits.



TEASING THOMAS.

THOMAS was a tiresome boy,
Loved to torment and annoy;
Everything he found he teased,
If it hurt them, he was pleased!
But one day he found a hive
Full of young bees all alive,
And forgot a bee's a thing
That if teased will turn and sting!

Teasing Thomas, stung and sore,
Now goes teasing bees no more,
For they gave him such a fright,
Everyone said "Serve him right!"



—*Clifton Bingham.*

THE MUSIC LESSON.

I WONDER what the time can be?" said Maggie, getting up from the piano to look at the clock. "Mother said I was to practise forty minutes, because Uncle Jack took me to the Zoo on Tuesday, and of course I couldn't practise then. Oh, it's twenty minutes to eleven, and I began at twenty past, and of course twenty and twenty make forty! So of course I may leave off now. I'm so glad, because now I can give Jappy his lesson."

So, quite satisfied that she had reckoned the time correctly, she took the Japanese doll to the piano and began teaching him.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to the music-book.

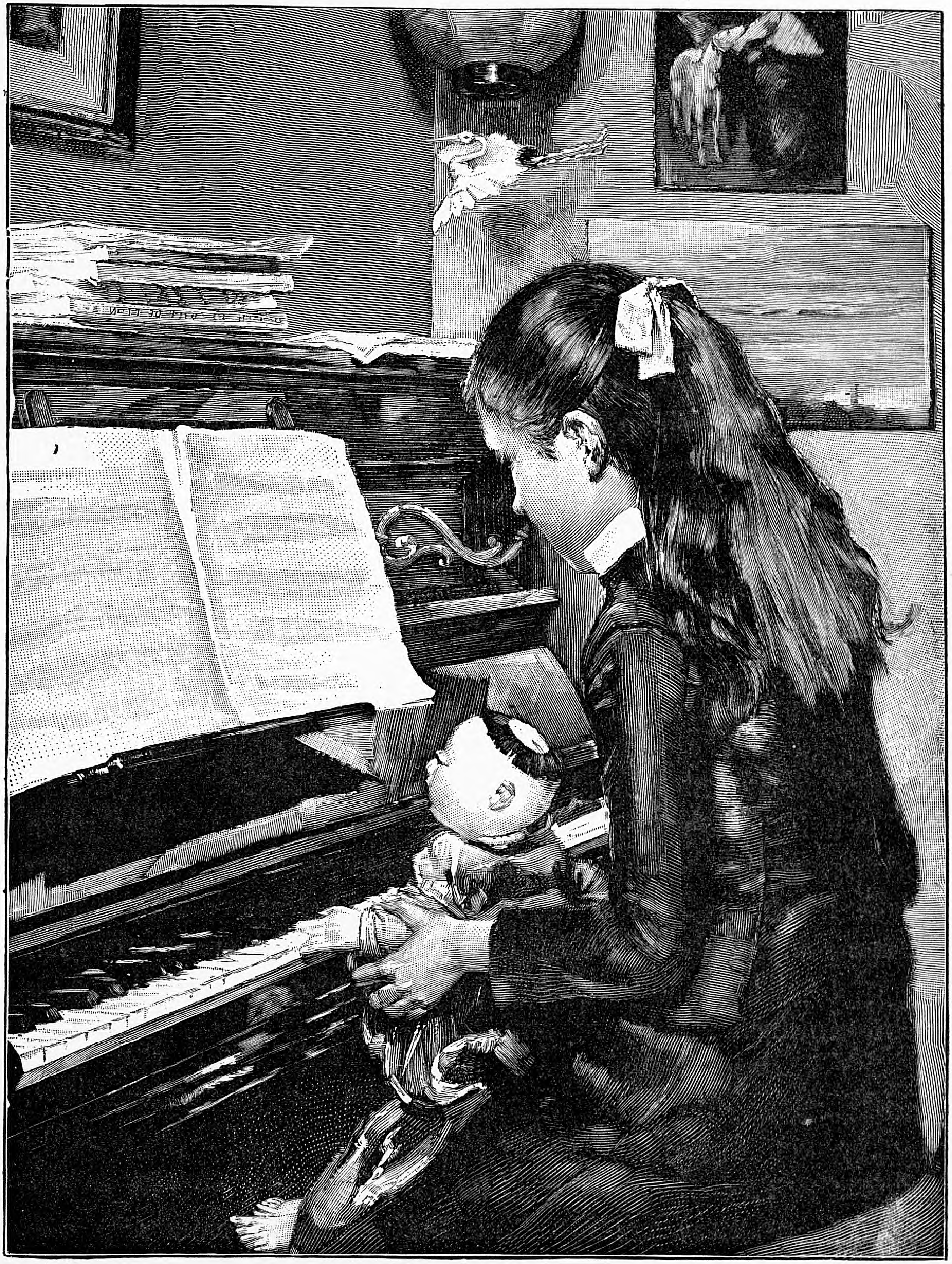
Jappy answered. You know, of course, how dolls do answer, so there is no need for me to explain.

"No, Jappy, it's not a demi-breve or a semi-crochet. There aren't such things. It's F sharp. What line's that? Jappy, if you say it's the sixteenth again, I'll put you to bed without any supper for sixteen days! Now begin the five-finger exercise."

It was a very dreadful performance, and Mother came running in to find out what the noise meant.

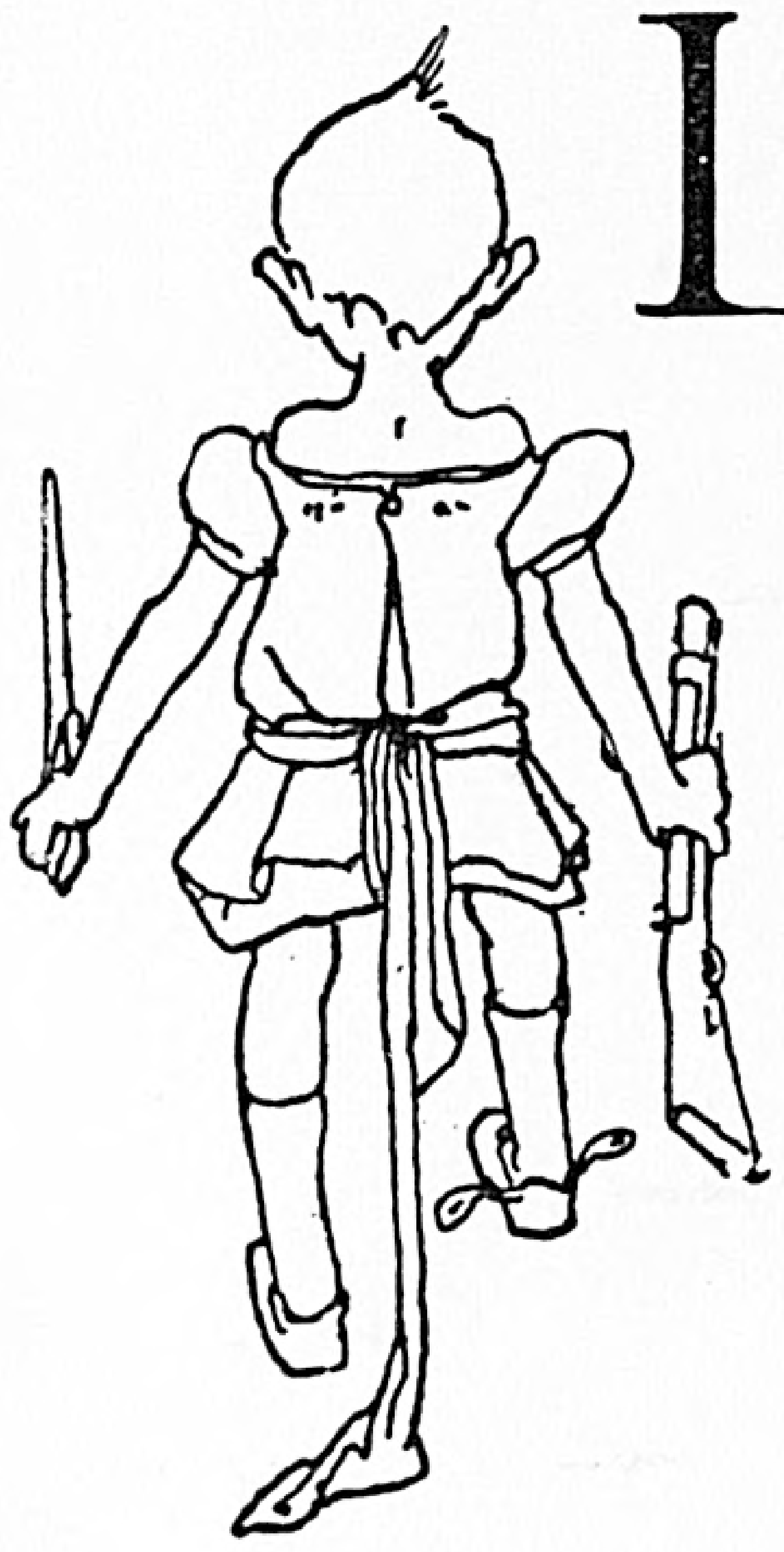
"I'm giving Jappy his music-lesson," said Maggie.

"My dear," said her mother, smiling, "I think you had better content yourself with *taking* lessons for the present. When you are grown up, and when you have a very old piano, you may try giving them."



THE MUSIC LESSON.

A FEATHER IN HIS CAP.



LISA, when I'm a man, I shall be a soldier; see how well I can march!" Hans had a long stick for a musket, and strutted up and down before his admiring sister.

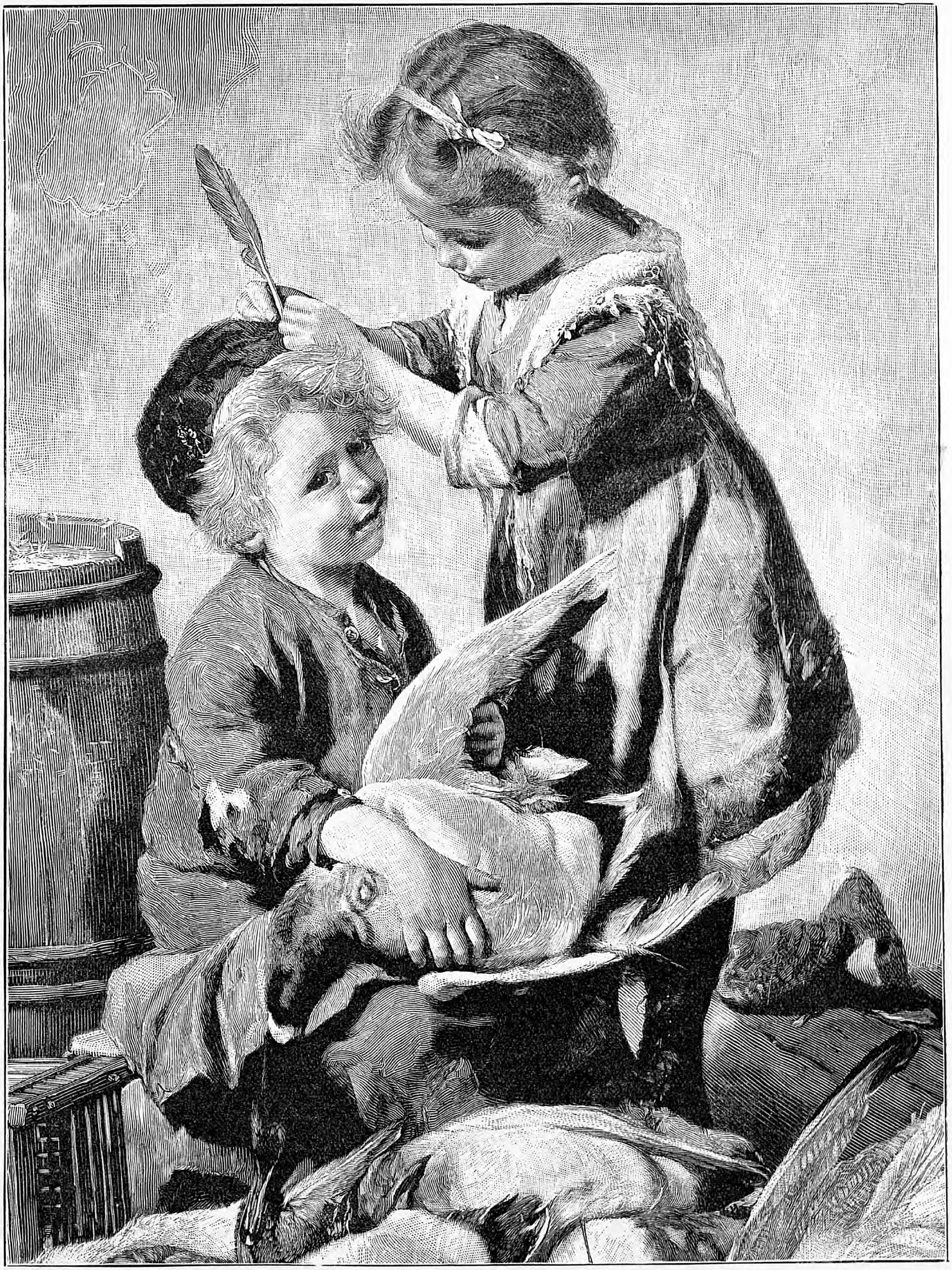
"Children, come in and help me pluck the geese," cried Mother; and the children's faces fell. It was rather hard, after pretending to fight the enemy, to have to go in and pluck geese. But in they went, for they were dear, cheerful little people, and knew that Mother had to work hard, and they must try and help her.

"See, I will put a feather in your cap," said Lisa, "and you can go on pretending we are soldiers, and that we are getting our supper ready."

"I wish we were," said Hans. "I should like to have roast goose for supper." For the children were plucking the poultry ready for their mother to take to market.

When they were finished they all set out for the town, and before very long the birds were sold, for Hans' and Lisa's happy little faces attracted many buyers to their corner of the market-place. One lady stopped and spoke to them for quite a long time, and when their mother told her what good children they were, she said:

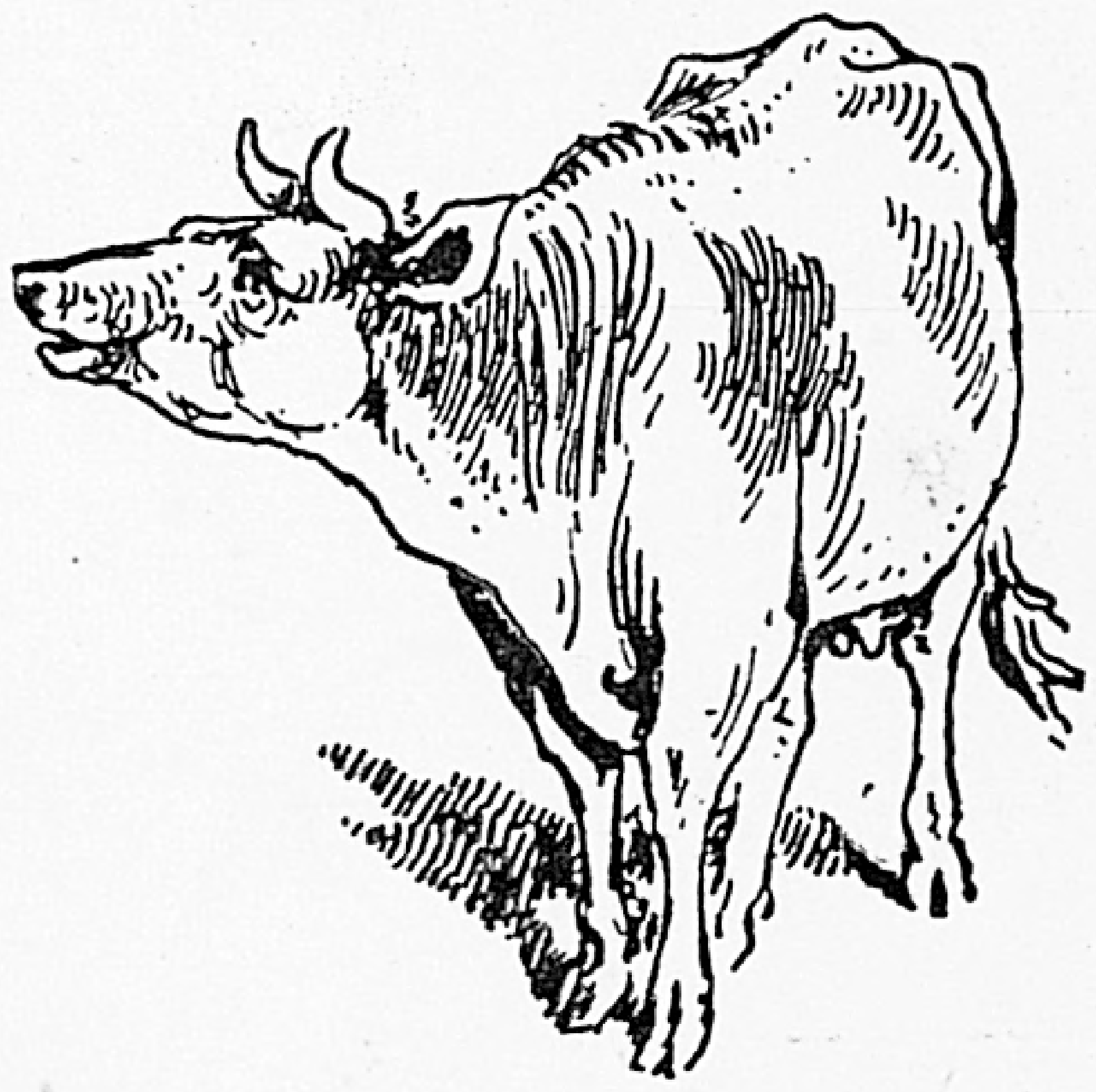
"You deserve to have a feather in your cap, little man, and Lisa should have one too." Then she gave them a toy musket and drum which she bought from a stall in the market. Lisa beats the drum and Hans shoulders the musket, and they feel now that they are *real* soldiers.



A FEATHER IN HIS CAP.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

" To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"



" Not I," said the cow, " moo-oo,
Such a thing I'd never do;
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But I took no nest away.
Not I," said the cow, " moo-oo,
Such a thing I'd never do."

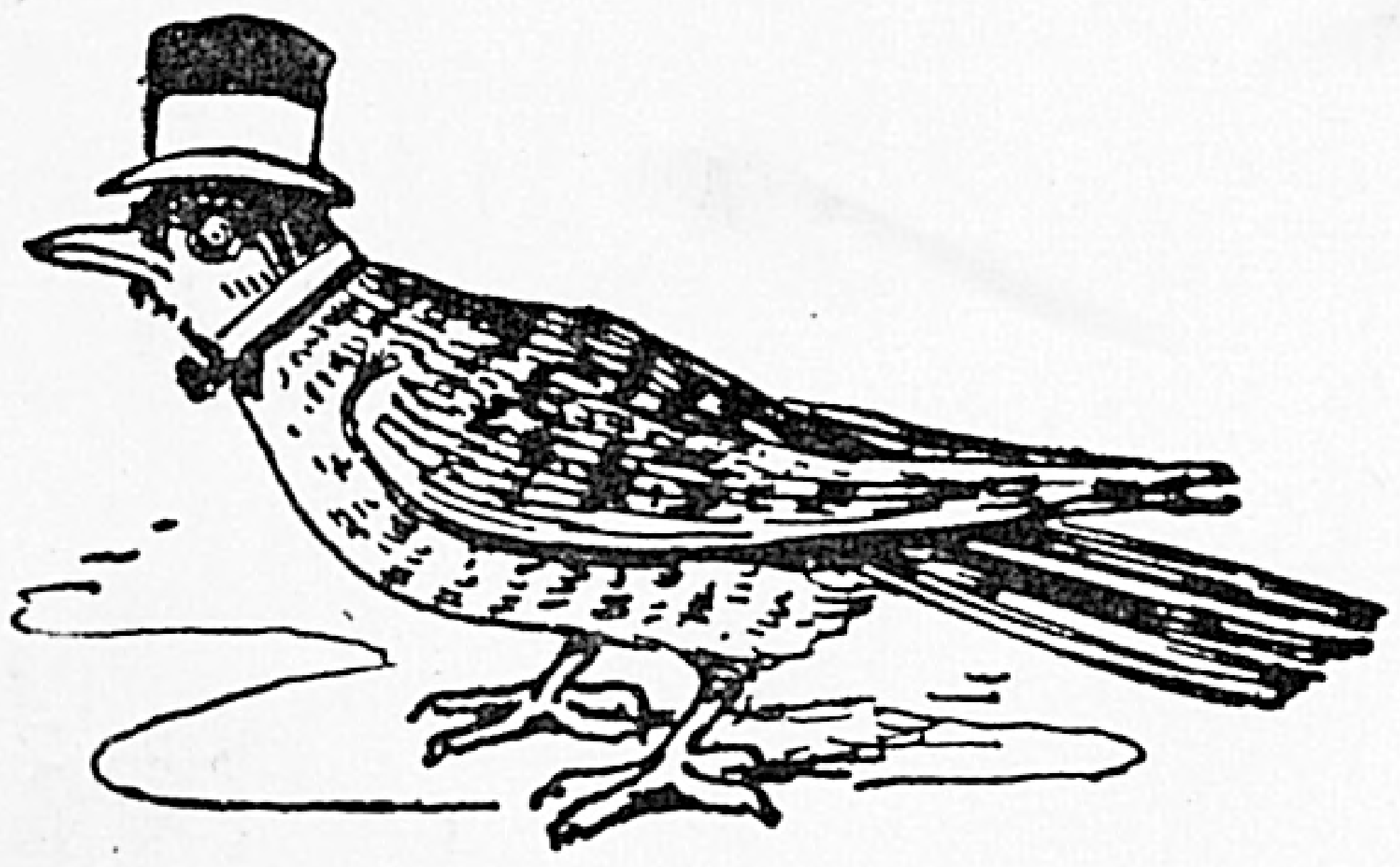
" Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

" Not I," said the sheep, " oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.

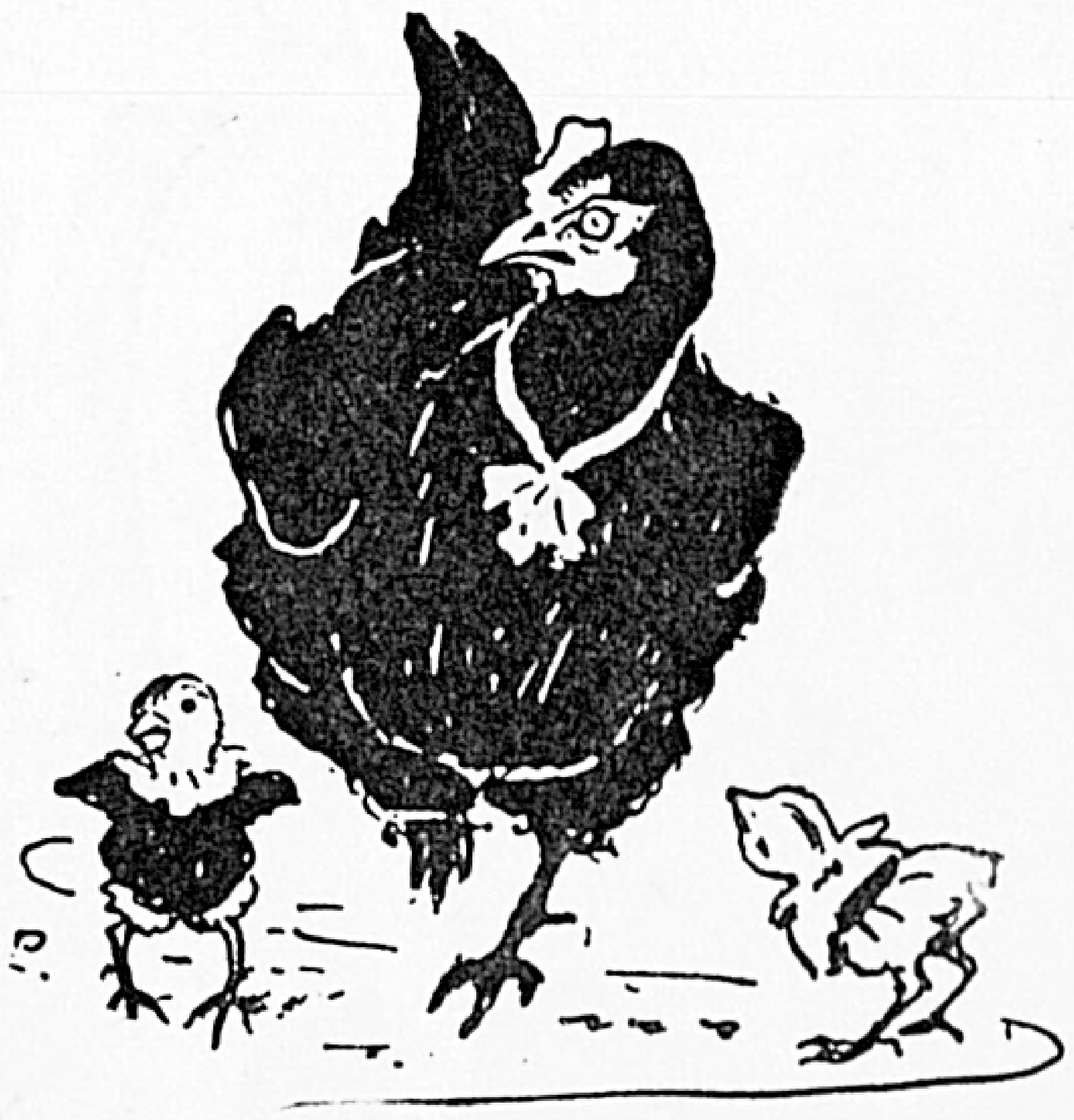
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

Baa, baa," said the sheep, "oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

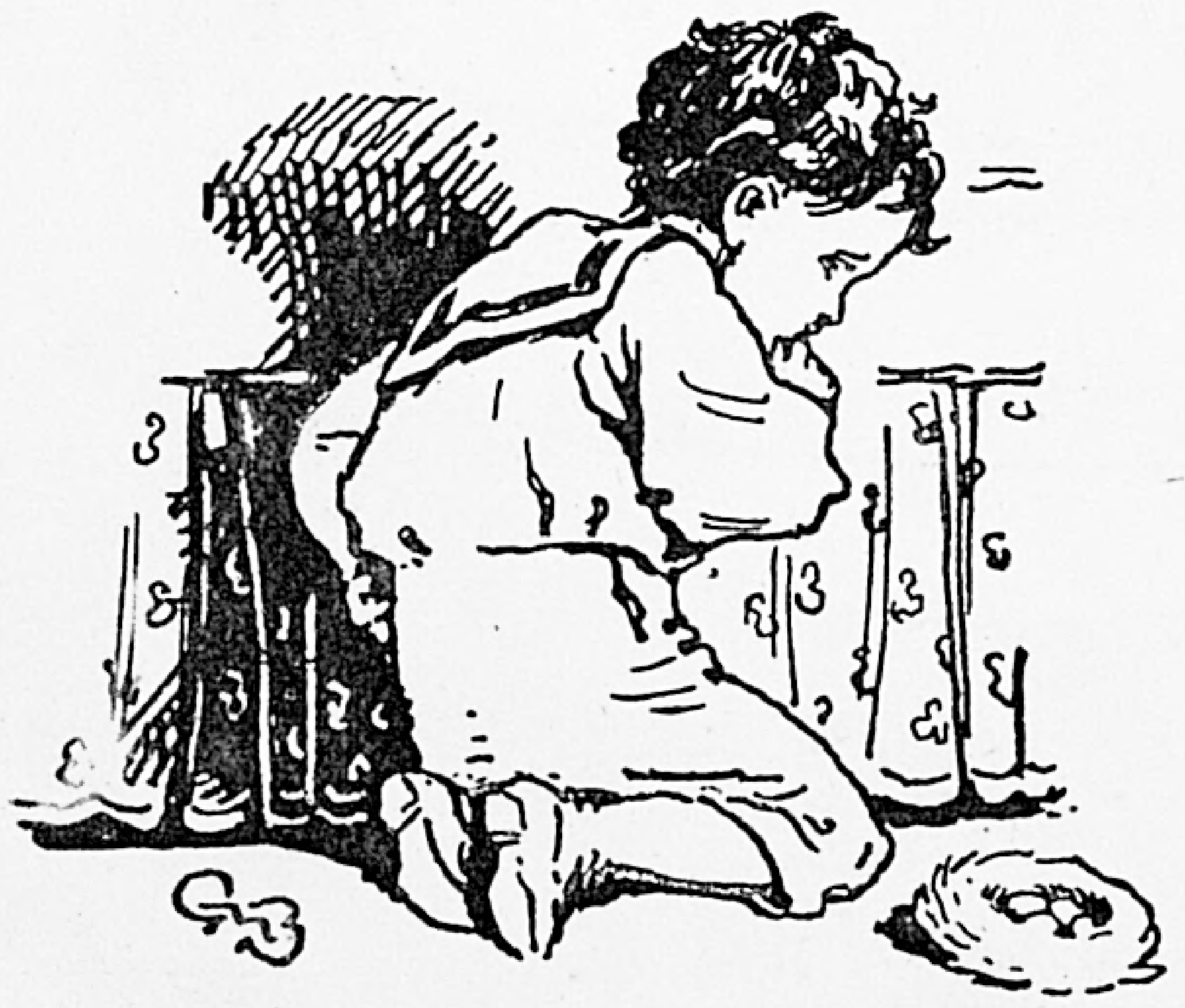
"Coo, coo," said the cuckoo,
"Let me speak a word too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From the little yellow-breast?"



"Cluck, cluck," said the hen;
"Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.



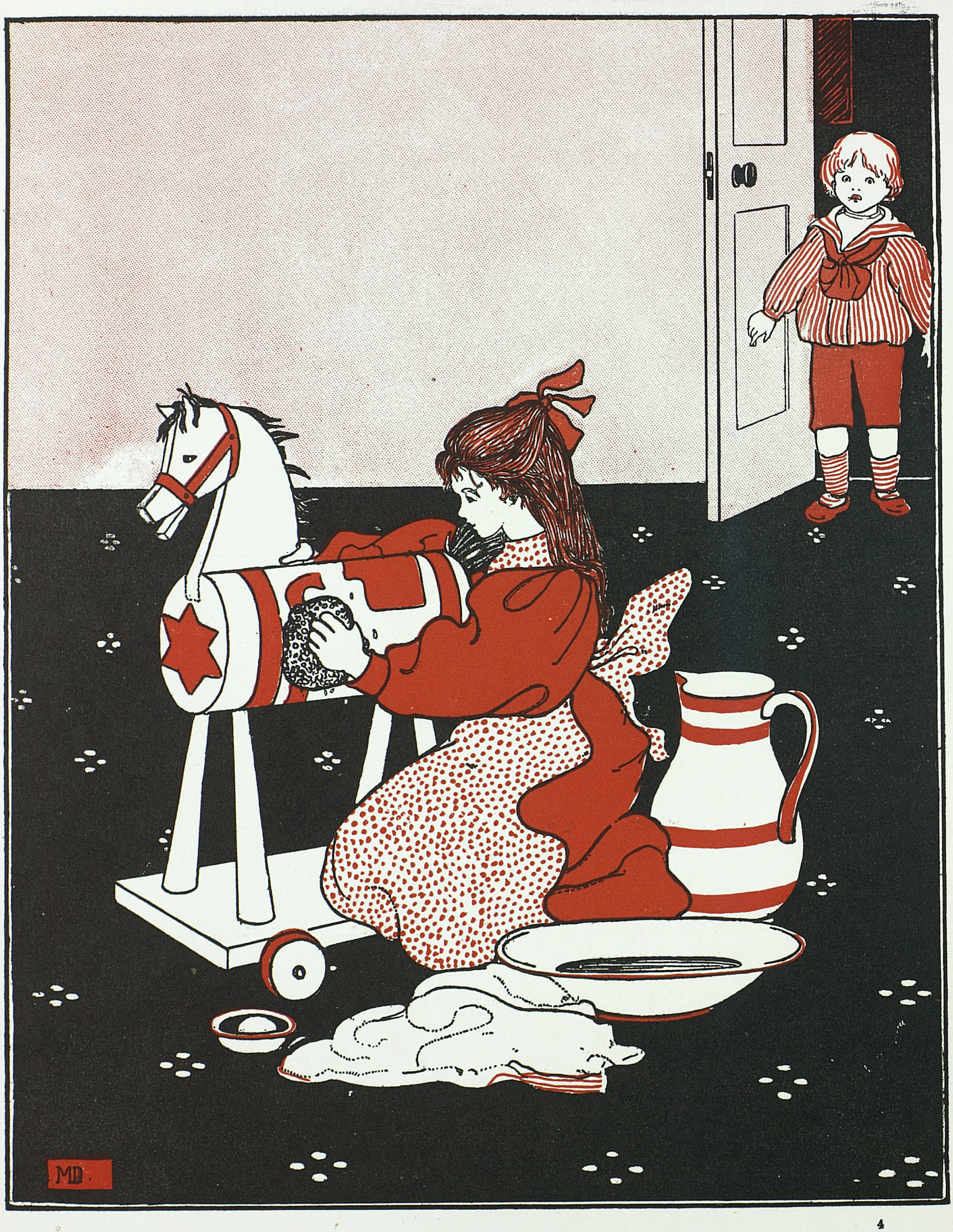
"We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.



Cluck, cluck," said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

A little boy hung down his head
And hid himself behind the bed;
'Twas *he* who stole the pretty nest
From that poor little yellow-breast.

—*L. Maria Child.*



DOBBIN'S BATH.

SYMPATHY.

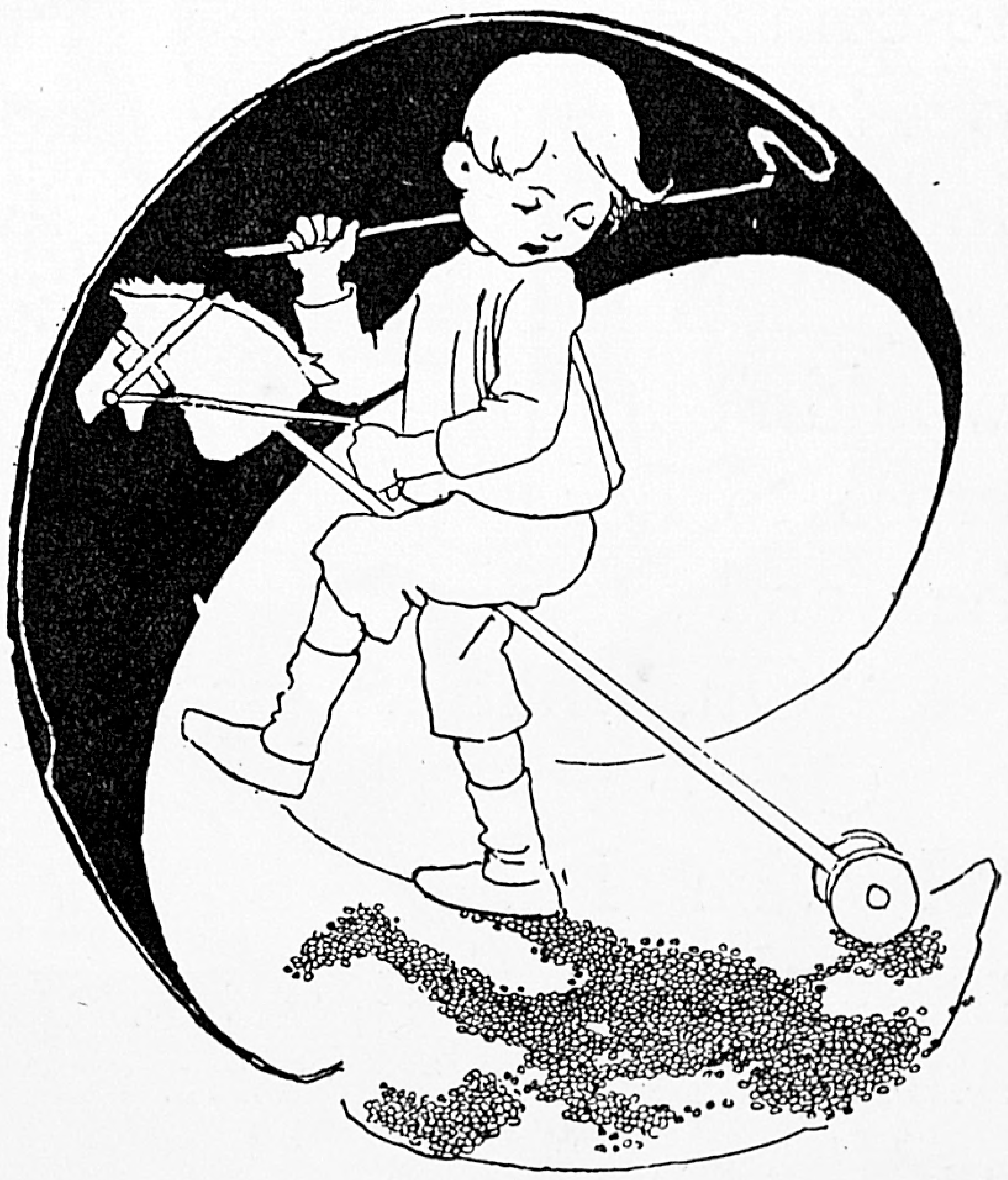
A PLUMP little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.
"How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshiny weather!"

"A nice little girl is that," said he,
"But oh how cold she must be, for, see,
She hasn't a single feather."

WASHING THE WOODEN HORSE.

"I'll make it nice and clean," said she;
So soaped and washed and scrubbed;
"Won't Teddy dear delighted be?"
She murmured as she rubbed.

But when his owner came to see,
It nearly made him faint;
"Whoever saw a horse," cried he,
"Without a coat—of paint?"



GYPSY.

AH, Gypsy, in mischief again!" cried Grandpapa, for a big snowball had hit him at the back of his head, and when he turned to see who the offender might be, there stood Gracie, her arms full of snowballs, and a roguish twinkle in her dark eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Grandpapa, I thought it was Charlie," she said.

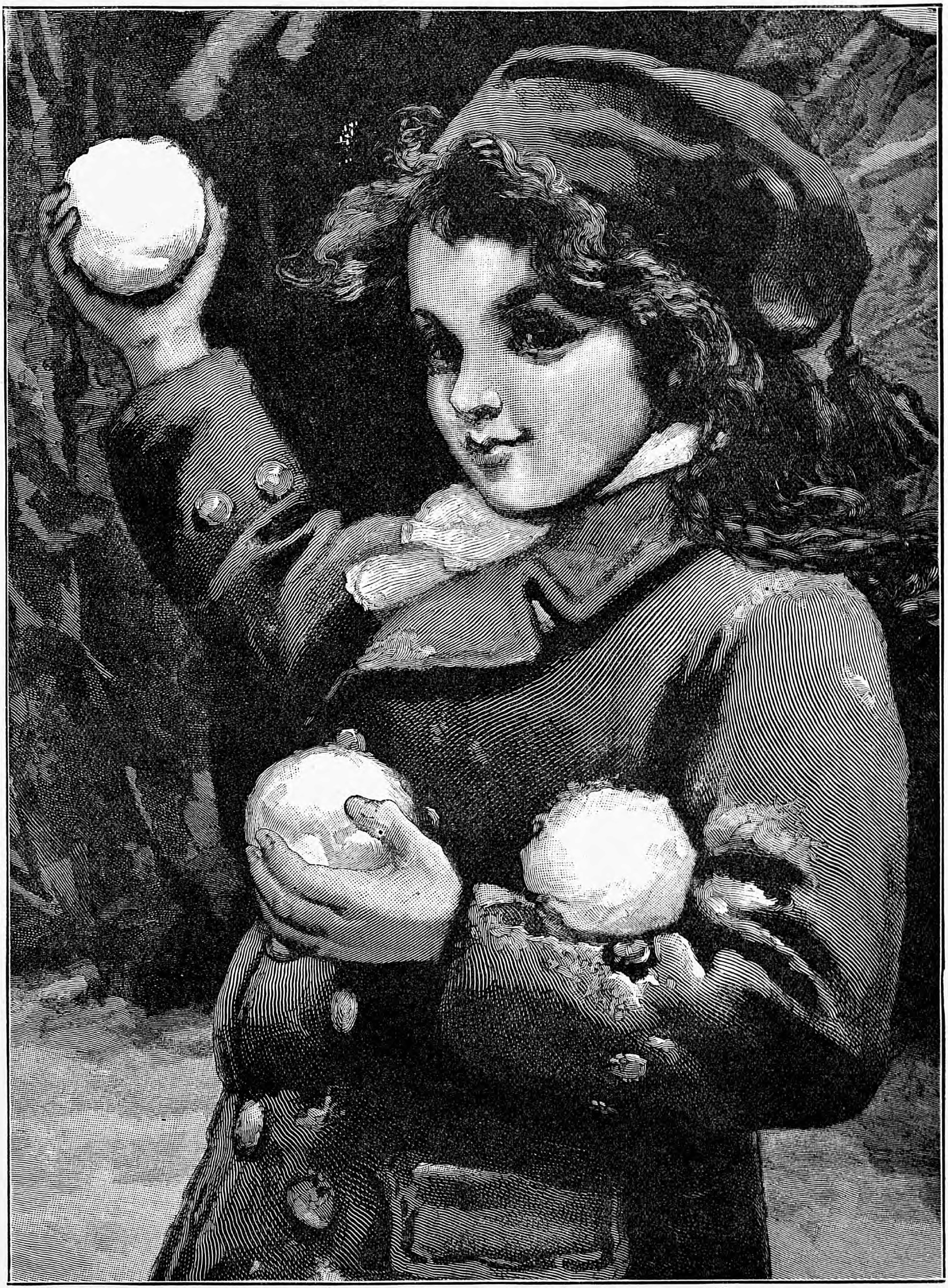
Grandpapa always called Gracie "Gypsy", because her little cheeks were brown and rosy, and her hair and eyes were almost black. She was a pretty, merry little maiden, but just a trifle spoilt, and so apt to be a wee bit selfish.

Her big brother Charlie had a very interesting book which he wanted to finish, but Gracie wished to go out and play in the snow, and had teased him until he had promised to come—in a minute or two. But the minute or two turned out to be very long ones, and so Gracie grew cross and went indoors and up to the nursery in a very bad temper indeed.

Charlie tried to be friends with her again, but she wouldn't forgive him; she was rude to her governess and cross to her nurse, and even Grandpapa shook his head at her, and said:

"Oh, what a naughty, naughty gypsy!"

Gracie was all alone in the nursery, and she said aloud: "I wish I *were* a gypsy, really!" Then, suddenly she remembered that a gypsy caravan was encamped on the other side of the park. "I've a good mind to run away and be one," she added.



READY FOR THE BATTLE.

Charlie looked in at the door, but as she only pouted at him he went away singing "Cross patch, draw the latch".

That decided Gracie, and a few minutes later she had raced across the park and was breathlessly begging a smiling gypsy woman to "Let me come and be a gypsy".

"Come along then, my dear," said the woman, and she opened the door of the caravan and lifted her in.

Now the gypsy had no intention of letting this little girl come to live with them; for one thing, she had quite enough little gypsies of her own without wanting Gracie, but she wanted the reward which she thought Gracie's parents would pay to get her back, and she thought that very soon, when the little girl's temper had passed, she would be only too glad to be taken back.

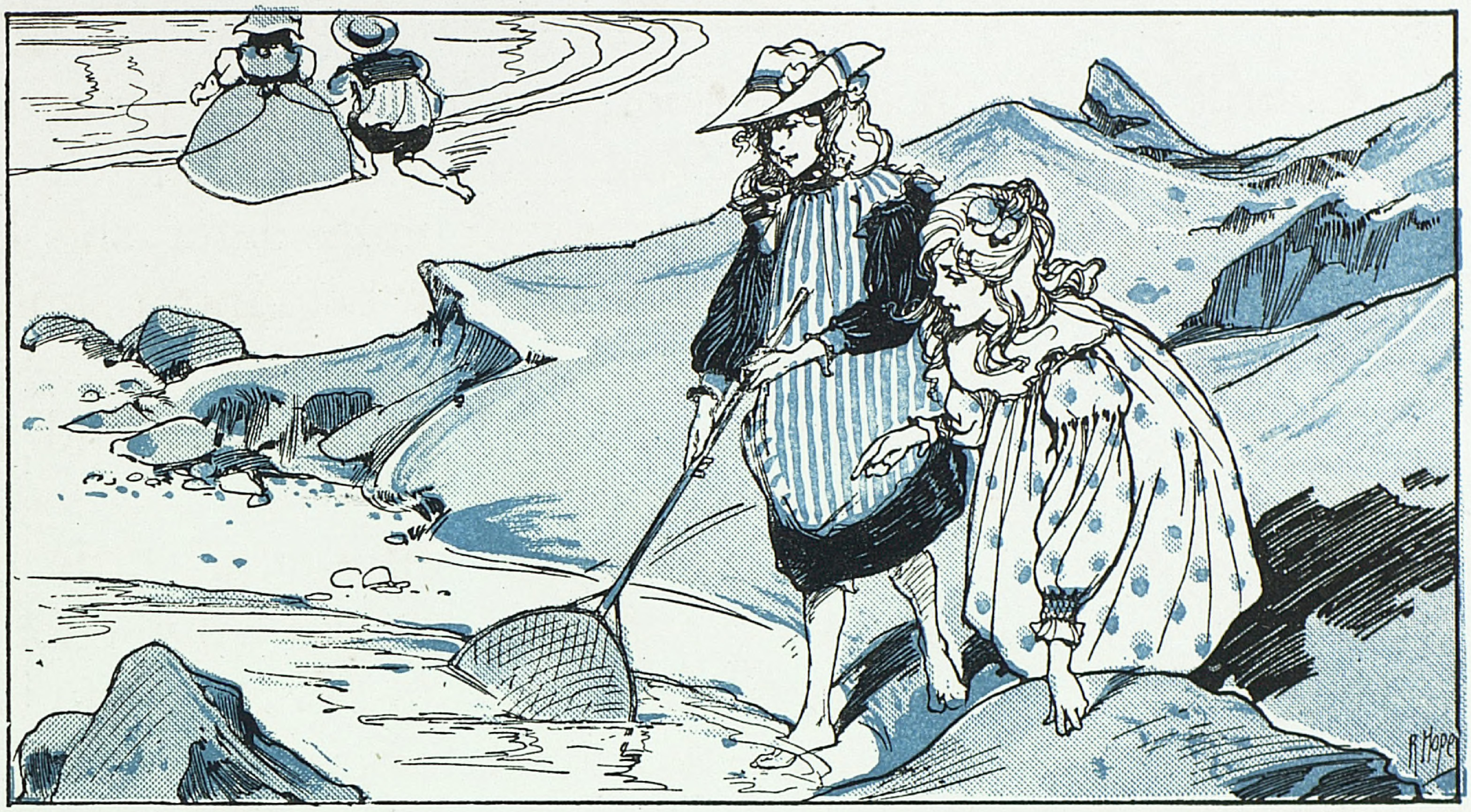
She was quite right, for no sooner was the caravan door closed, and Gracie found herself in a little, stuffy room, with swarms of ragged children crowding round her, than she burst out crying and screamed:

"Let me go home, let me go home!"

So the gypsy woman took her home, and poor penitent Gracie was soon sobbing out appeals for forgiveness in her mother's arms.

Everyone was very kind to her, and Charlie hugged and kissed her, and said it was his fault, and Gracie said: "No, it was mine!" Then Charlie asked would she come and play snowballs now? And Gracie said "Yes", and out they went and had a famous battle.

But since that day Grandpapa has left off calling her Gypsy, because the name always made her feel uncomfortable.



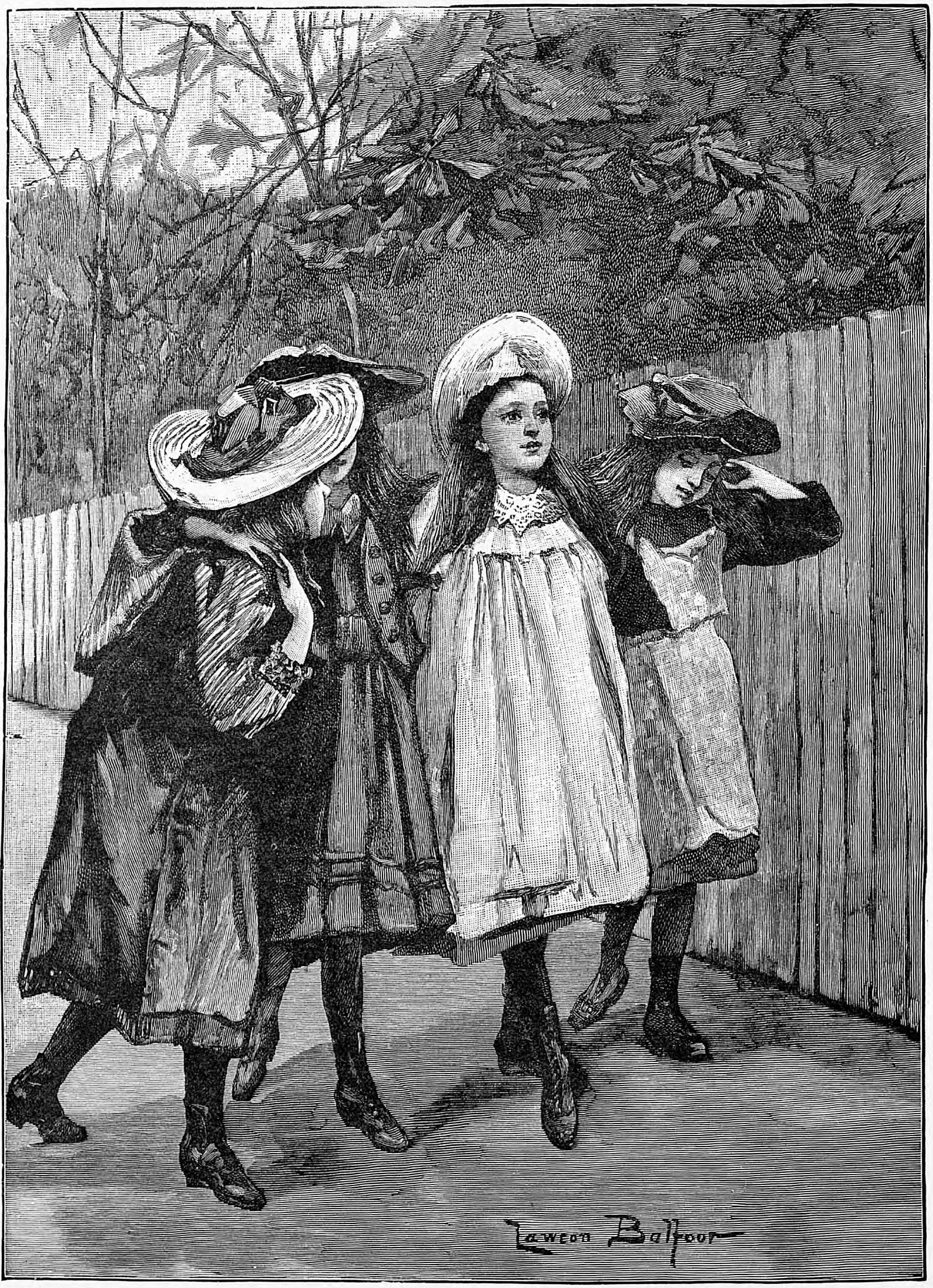
CATCHING SHRIMPS.

A WIDE, yellow stretch of rippling sand,
A blue sea frothing on shingly strand,
Fleecy white clouds, and a golden sun,
Two tiny girls with lessons all done.

See them dredging the pools in the sand,
Bringing the quick-darting shrimps to land,
Sand-coloured shrimps all wriggly and wet,
Twisting about in the shrimping net.

See them building their castles and caves,
Soon swept away by the tumbling waves.
Then, hungry they scamper off to tea,
Oh, it is good to stay by the sea!

C. I. Dodd.


Lawson Balfour

FOUR LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

THE SECRET.

IT is the secretest secret in all the world," said Nellie proudly. "Nobody knows it except me."

"And me," said Alice.

"And me, of course," chimed in little Annie. "You know you did tell me, Nellie, because I helped you to darn your frock when you tore it getting the wild roses."

"Oh, yes, I was forgetting you!" said Nellie. "But then," she added, laughing, "you're so very little, you dear little Annie, that one might very easily forget you. Now I'm going to tell Audrey. Dick and Harry have tried ever so many times, because we promised that if they could guess what it is about we would tell them the whole secret. And they never got near it. Now then, first guess!"

"It's—let me see—" said Audrey, getting into the road. "It's about butter-scotch."

"Wrong!" and all the three others clapped their hands joyfully together.

"Then it's about your new baby."

"Wrong again!" cried the rest.

Then Audrey tried "The French governess", "Annie's garden", "Nellie's new dress", "A birthday party", and "A Christmas-tree", and still the others cried "Wrong!"

So Nellie said: "I must tell you what it is, I see; because you'll never guess, although you were very near it once." So she put her arm round Audrey's neck and whispered the whole secret. "You'll never tell anyone?" she said at last. "Of course not," said Audrey. And she never did.

But what the secret was I do not know. Can you guess?

FORBIDDEN GROUND.

"COME along, girls. Will and I are going to take you tobogganing on old Sadler's hill."

"But won't Mr. Sadler be very angry?" Gladys asked. "He won't know," said Teddy, "because he's away."

Gladys and May hesitated for a minute, but they could not resist the idea of a toboggan ride.

Old Sadler's hill, as the boys called it, was a slope which led to that gentleman's stables, and he was very angry if he caught anyone up there, because it was a private road.

Oh, what fun the children had, racing swiftly down the hill! When they got to the bottom the boys jumped off the toboggan and dragged their little sisters up again.

The coachman's wife came out to watch them, and smiled as she listened to their merry laughter.

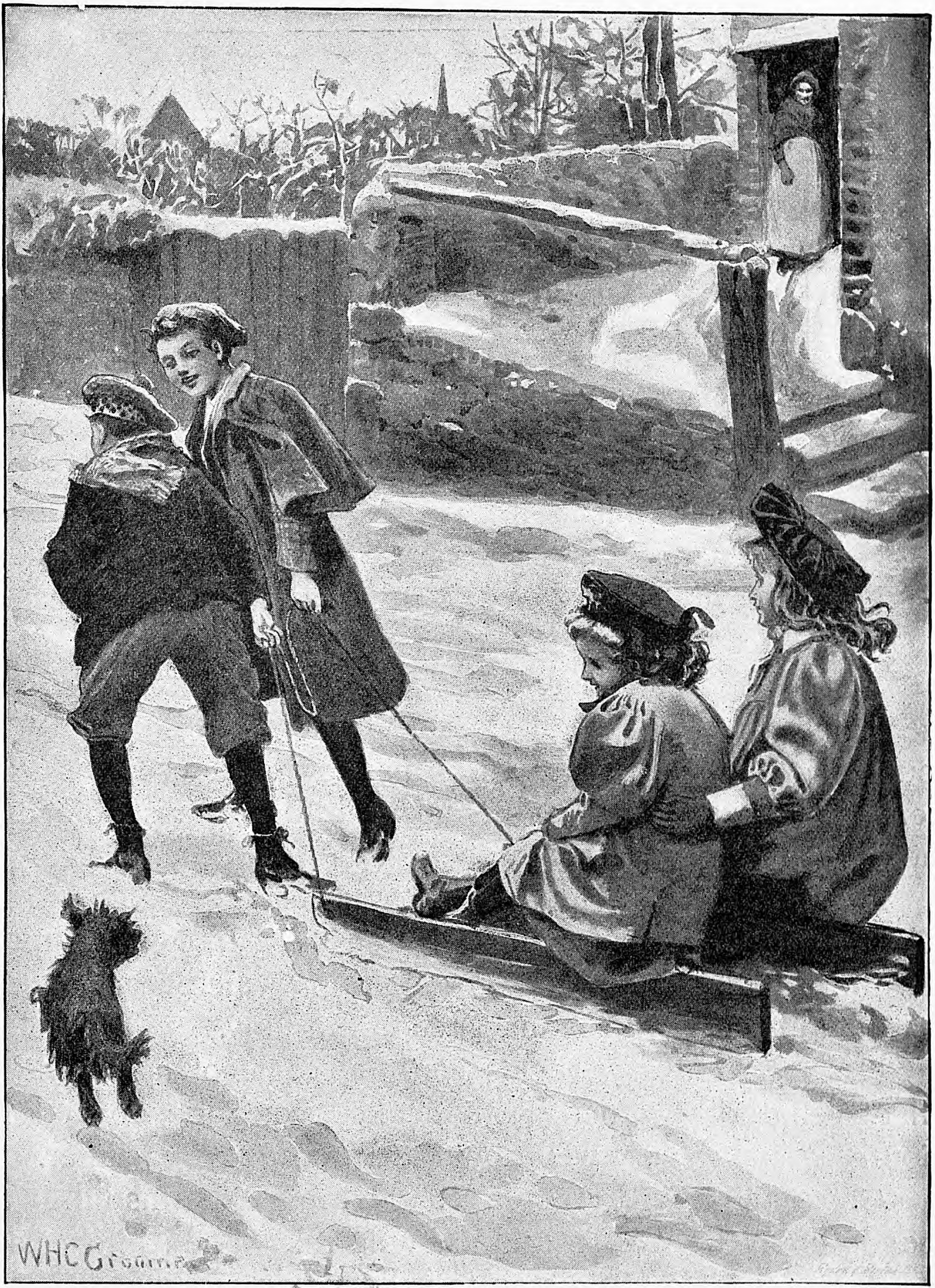
But old Mr. Sadler arrived home unexpectedly, and was standing at the bottom of the hill, when suddenly, down came the merry party and shot him into a heap of snow.

"Oh, dear!" cried Gladys; "I am so sorry! Please don't send us to prison."

I think Mr. Sadler could not have been so very hard-hearted, for he stooped and kissed the little girls' frightened faces, and then he said:

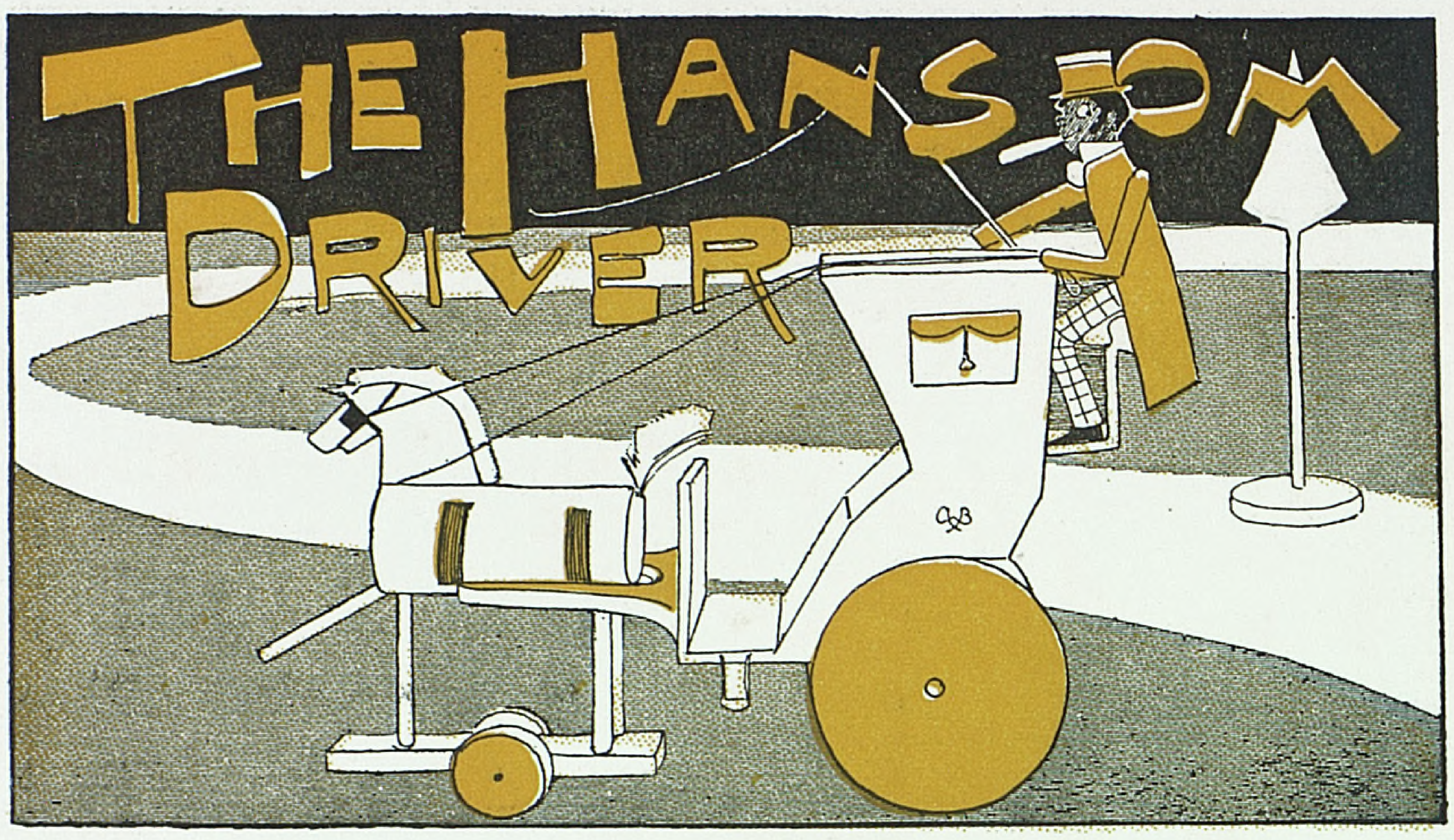
"You might have asked leave to come here, my dears. But I won't send you to prison. And—a-hem!—you may come here whenever you like in future."

"Hurrah! You're a brick!" shouted the boys. And I think he was; don't you?



A MERRY RIDE.

C 15



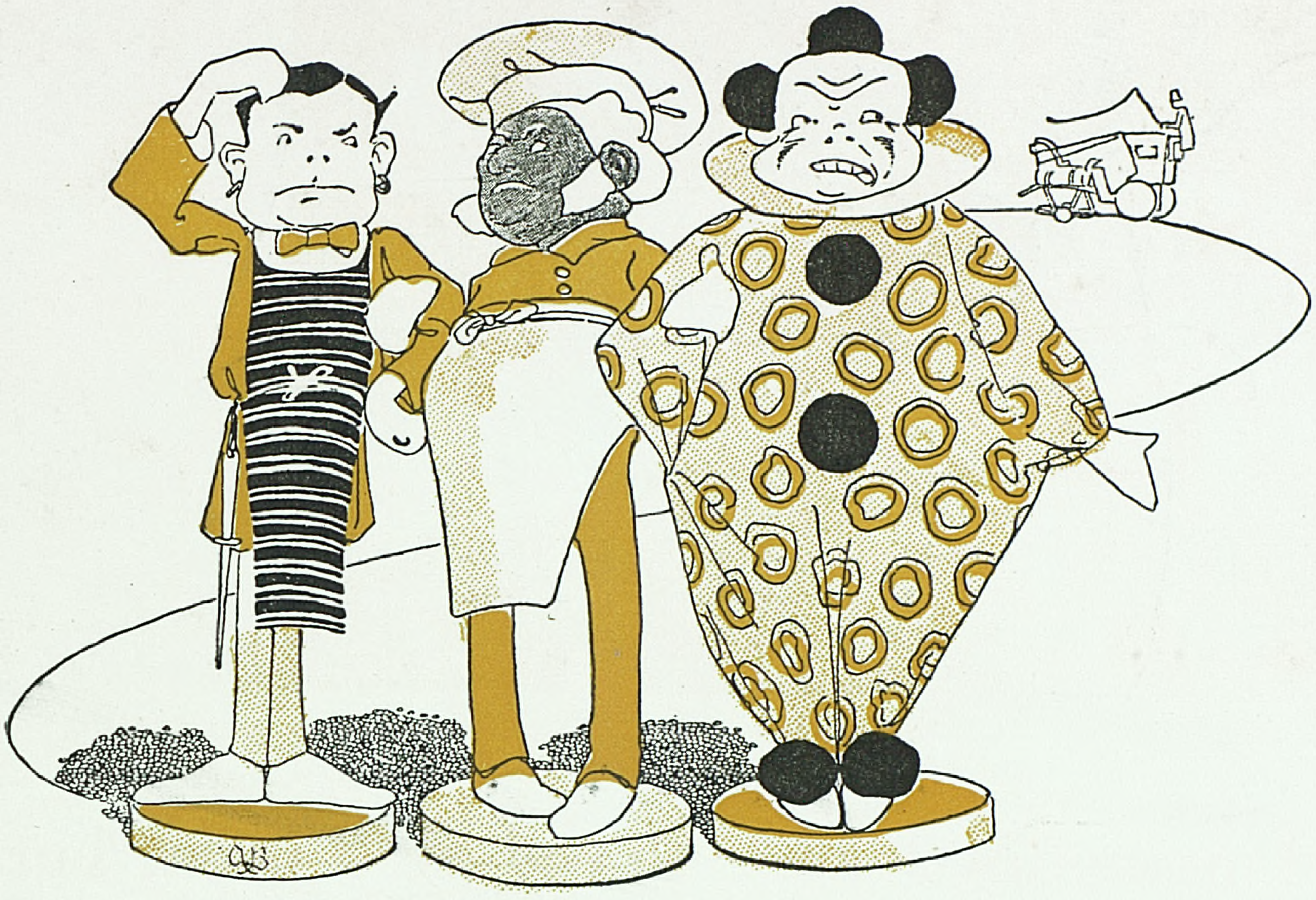
THE Hansom-driver was indeed very plain, but he fancied himself very beautiful. 'Tis thus that we are liable to make errors of judgment, especially respecting ourselves.

His cheeks were crimson and his nose was the same hue, yet he was quite convinced that all the young lady dolls envied him his complexion. His eyes were dull as lead, but in his conceit he always compared them to sparkling diamonds.

In a word, his appearance was terribly against him, yet his constant complaint was that he attracted so much attention, and won so much admiration wherever he went, that he almost wished he had been born ugly.

His own looks were his constant topic of conversation, till at length the other Toys quaked when he opened his mouth, knowing very well how they were going to suffer.

Amongst those who suffered the most from his talk were the Butcher, the Baker, and the Clown. The Butcher and the Baker tried to put a stop to it by making uncivil remarks,



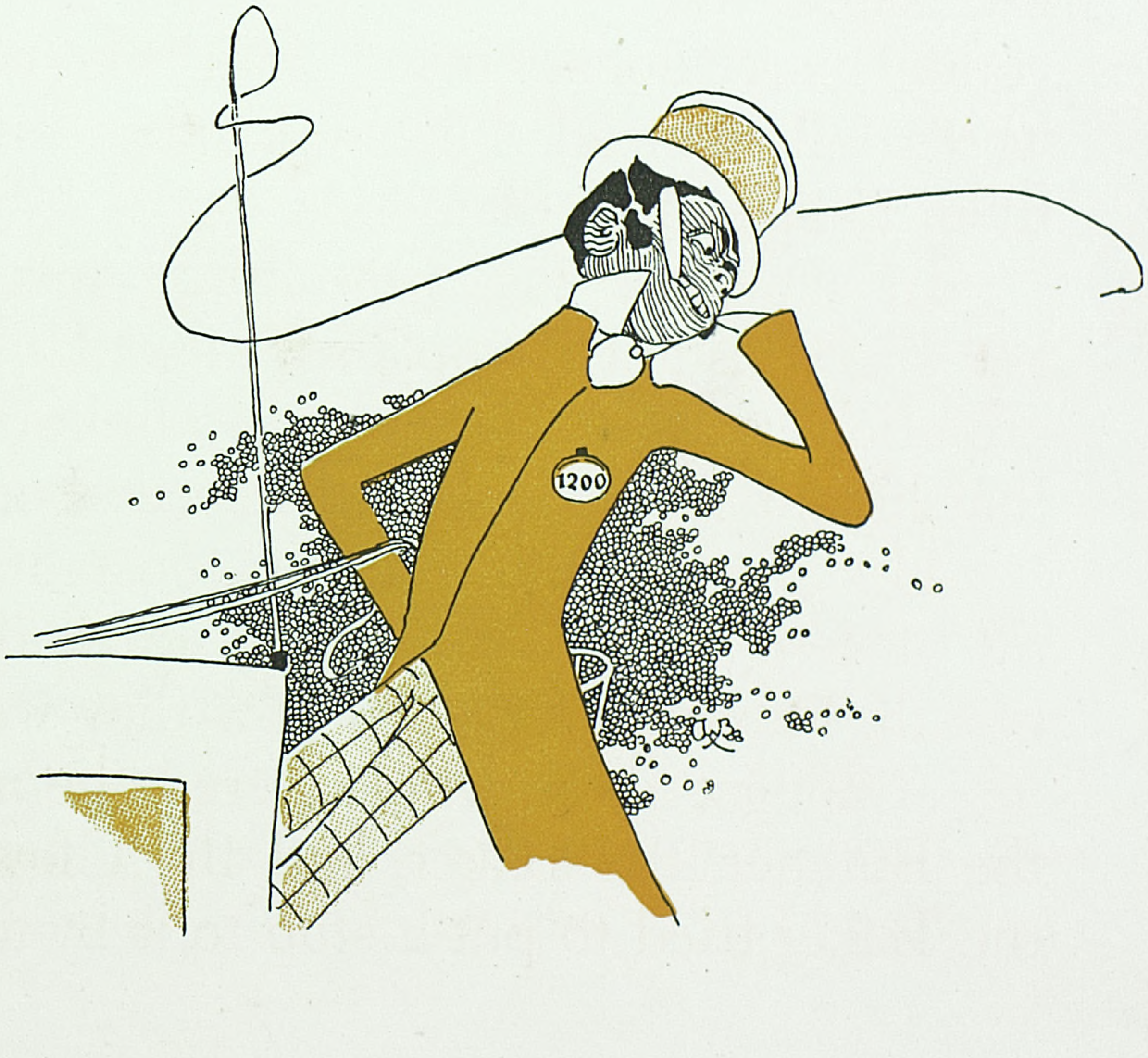
and the Clown by making rude jests. But the conceit of the Hansom - driver still remained.

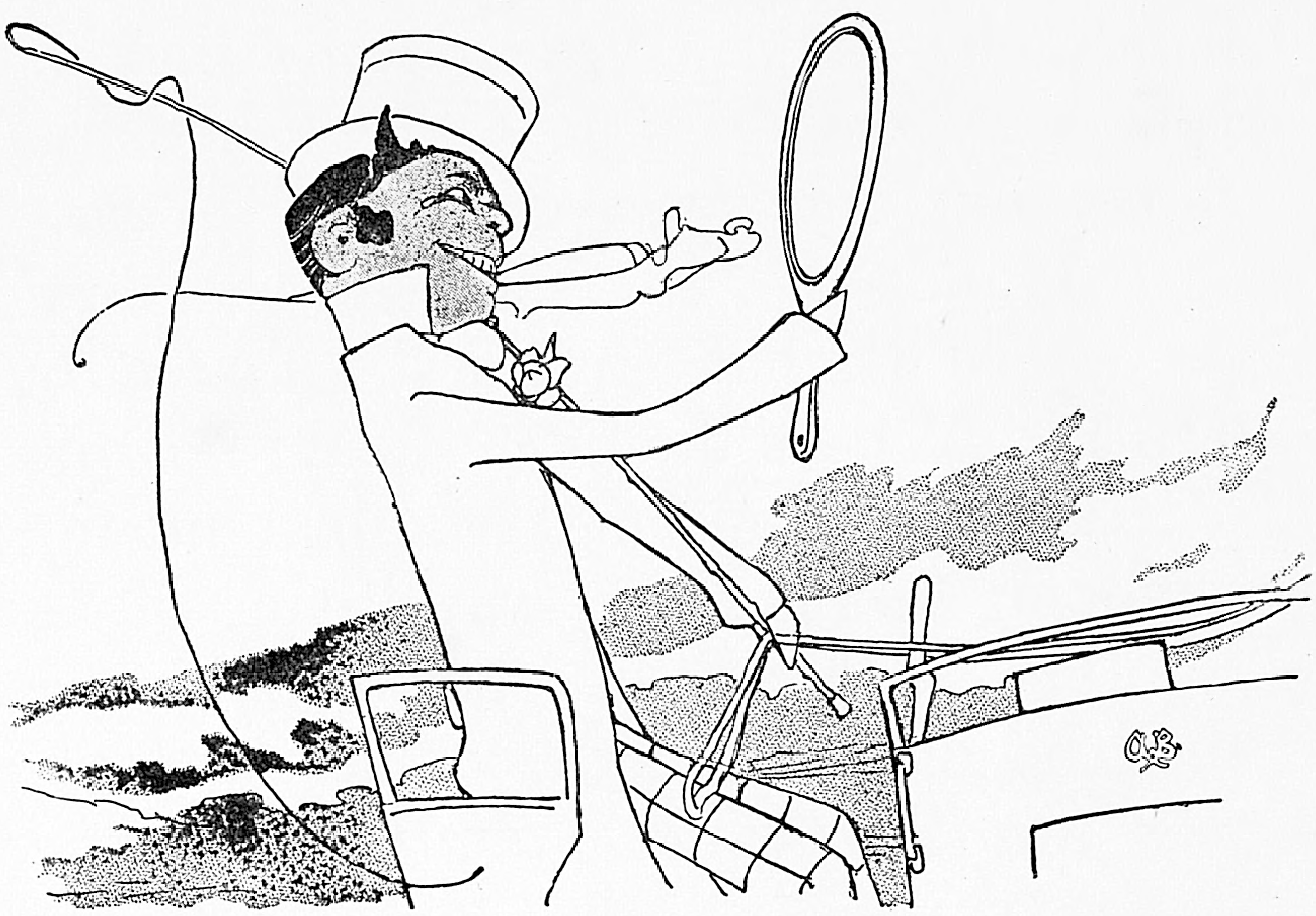
One day when he was talking to his three acquaintances, the Butcher happened to remark on the beauty of the sunset-glow the previous evening.

"Some people," said the Hansom-driver, "admire the beautiful glow of the sunset sky, some the beautiful glow of the healthy countenance. A man I met yesterday told me my face was simply glowing with health."

"He becomes quite unbearable," whispered one lady doll to another.

The Hansom-driver smiled. He thought they were making some flattering remarks about himself.





"A compliment about me?" he laughed. "Doubtless too flattering to be said aloud. All the ladies think that I am beautiful. And of course I go by what they think."

"Do you think they consider you good-looking?" inquired the Clown. "Get along, you dreamer!"

"I do not think it, I know it," he replied.

"We don't," said the Butcher and the Baker. "Put it to the proof. We challenge you. Let the ladies vote upon the matter, and they will prove you mistaken."

"Very well," answered the Hansom-driver. "The result will be favourable to me. Of that I have no doubt."

On the following morning the cabman drove to the Butcher's shop, outside of which a large crowd was gathered.

"Well," he said, "and what is the ladies' opinion about my beauty?"

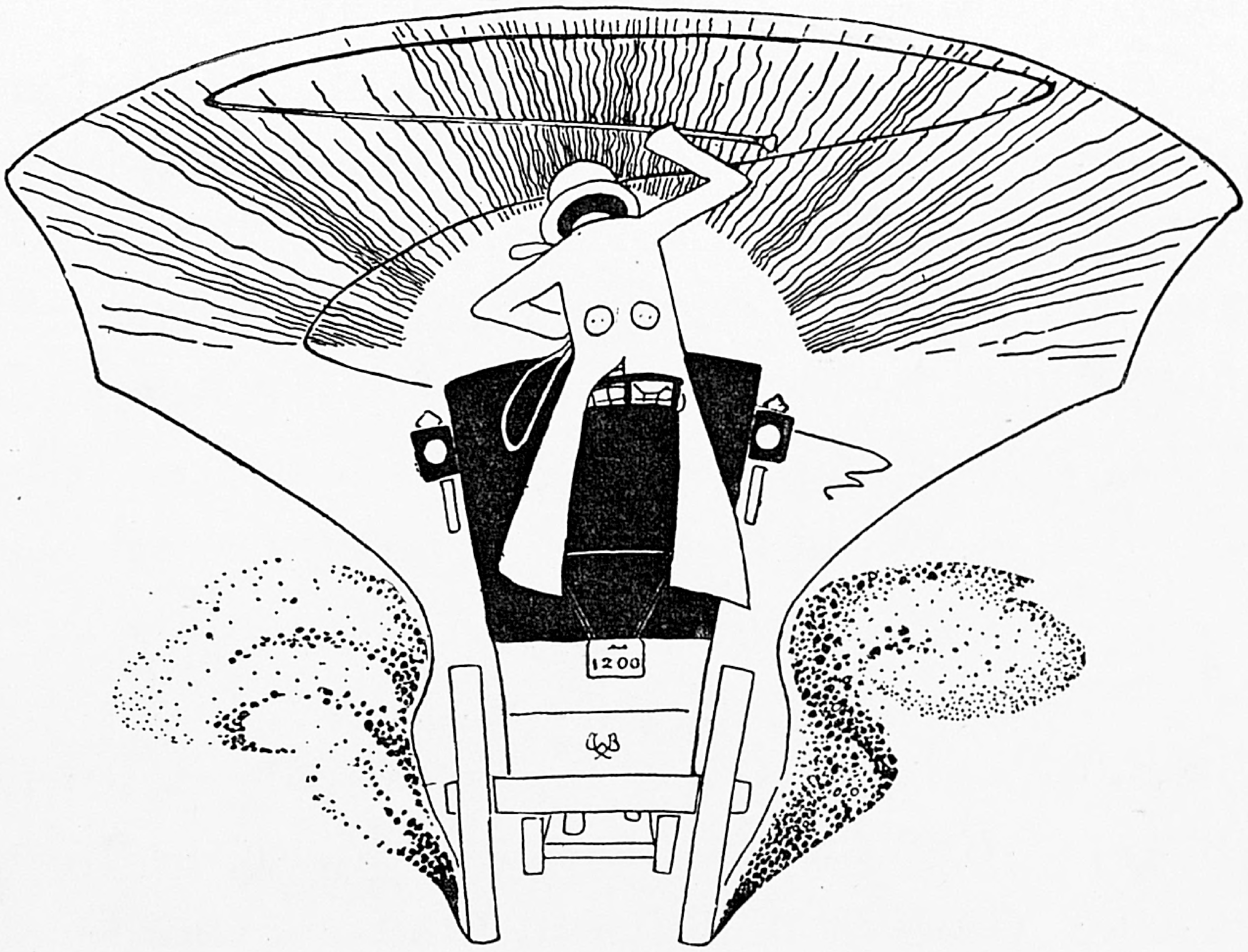
"The ladies have decided," said the Clown, speaking very rapidly; "the ladies have all decided—mind you, *all* decided—that you *are* a hansom man. And so say I."

The Hansom-driver climbed down from his seat. "Shake hands," he said. "One doesn't find a fellow of sense like you every day." The Clown shook hands, then turned a somersault, and grinned from ear to ear.

"Handsome," he said slowly, "but *without* the *d* and the *e*. Mark that, my child. *No beauty*, *but a hansom man*. Ho-la! What's the time of day? Time to go away?"

For the Hansom-driver had mounted to his seat, and, whipping up his horse, was driving off as fast as he could.

It was a long while before he was seen about again, and then he did not allude to his own appearance in any way. *Nor did he ever do so again!*



DOLLY'S BATH.

MOTHER had been washing her little girl when she was called downstairs on business.

She was a long time gone, and Susy grew tired of waiting. Suddenly she caught sight of her sister Mary's dolly, lying on the chest of drawers, and she stole on tip-toe to look at her. Mary was very proud of this dolly, because it had jointed limbs, and could sit down, or stand up, "just like a real person", Mary said.

Rose, as the doll was called, had bright pink cheeks and golden hair, and Susy thought, as she looked at her, that she was the most beautiful doll she had ever seen.

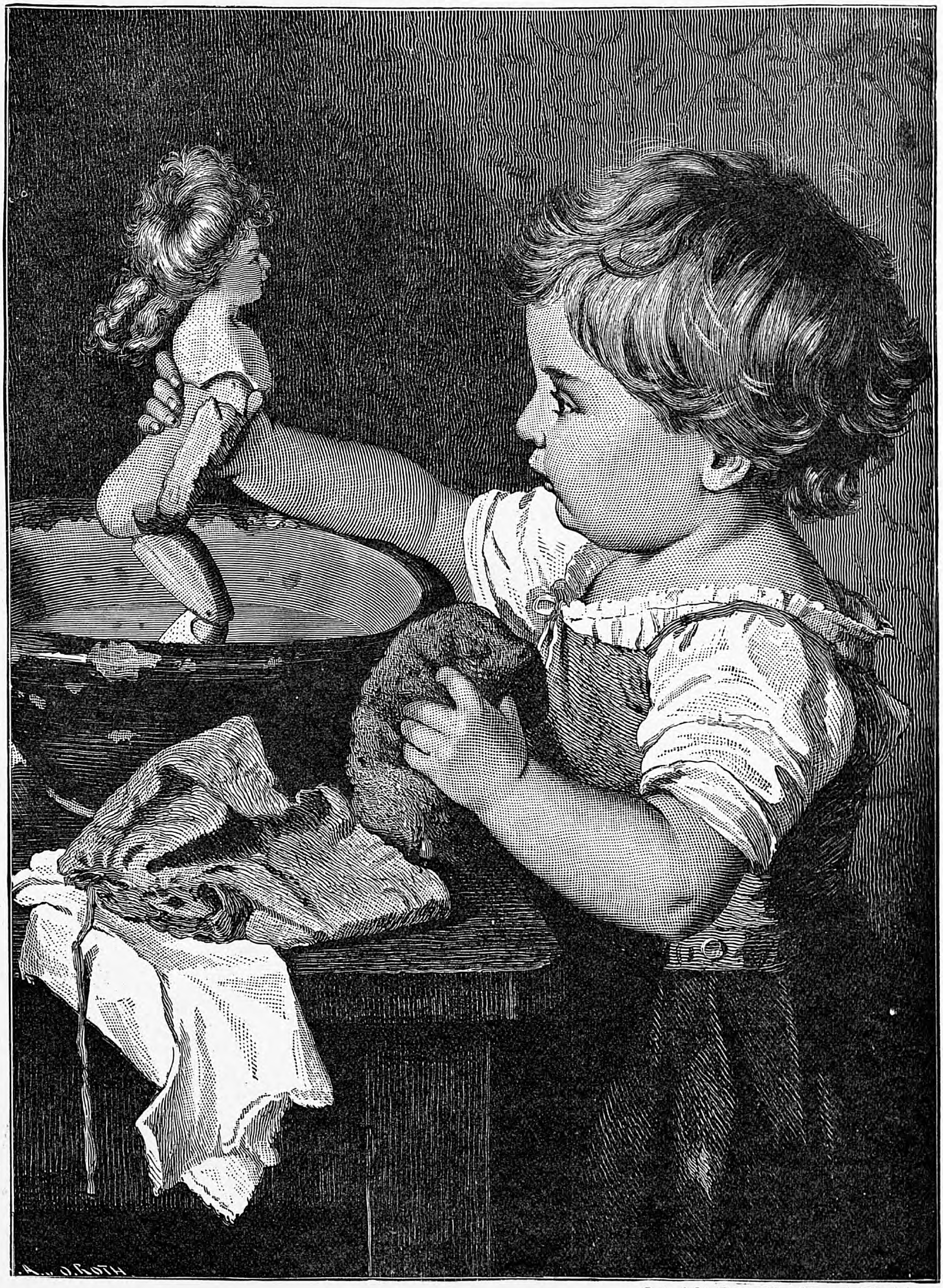
"Poor Dolly," she said, "your mother never bathes you like my mother does, but never mind, Susy will bathe you."

Susy knew that she ought not to touch the doll, but in a few moments she had undressed it and was giving it a thorough tubbing. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Oh, what shall I do!" she cried presently, for all the pink had come off Rose's face and left her white and sickly-looking.

She dressed the doll again quickly, and at first meant to put her back on the chest of drawers, but, I am glad to say, she did not; instead she went straight to Mary with the dolly and said:

"Mary, I've spoilt your dolly, and oh, do forgive me!"

Then she burst out crying, and Mary cried, too, a little. But, being a kind sister, she forgave Susy, and when father came home he fetched his box of paints, and soon made dolly's cheeks pink again. So all ended happily!



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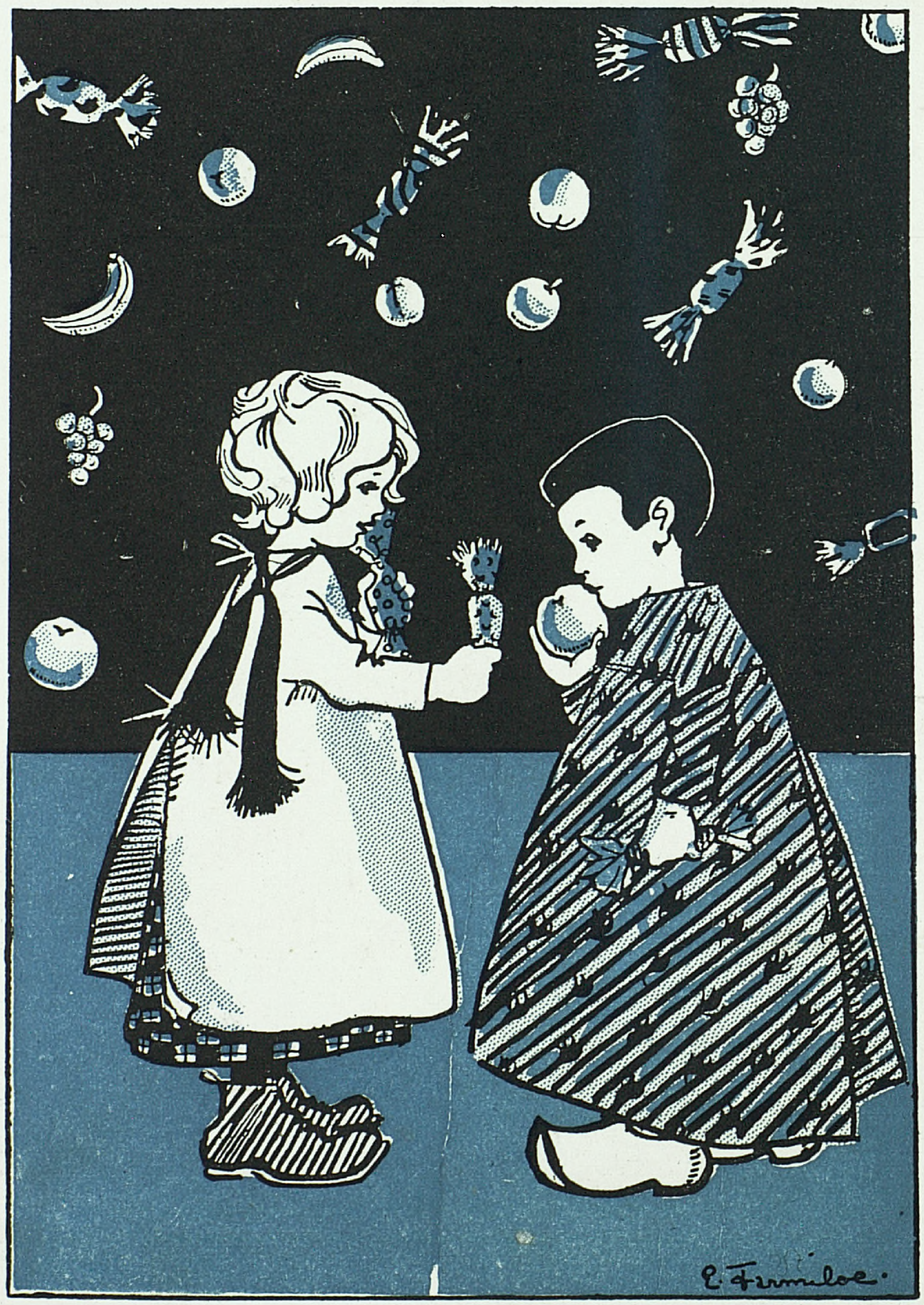
DOLLY'S BATH.

JOHNNY WOODENSHOES.

LITTLE Johnny Woodenshoes
Took a little walk,
Met a little maiden,
Had a tiny talk.

She gave him a cracker,
He gave her a kiss;
Wasn't that a nice thing
For a little miss?



By came Mr. Artist,
Pen and ink he took,
Drew them both and put them
In a picture-book!

—*Clifton Bingham.*

THE TRADESPEOPLE.

THE swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest, and plasters it
With mud, and hay, and leaves.

The woodpecker is hard at work,
A carpenter is he;
And you may find him hammering
His house high up a tree.

The bullfinch knows and practises
The basketmaker's trade:
See what a cradle for his young
The little thing has made!

Of all the weavers that I know,
The chaffinch is the best;
High on the apple-tree he weaves
A cosy little nest.

The goldfinch is a fuller,
A skilful workman he:
Of wool and threads he makes a nest
That you would like to see.

THE UNDECIDED FOX.

A HUNGRY fox, returning homeward one winter afternoon from a fruitless visit to the rabbit-warren, spied two fine hares lying in the shelter of a broken fence.

"What good luck!" said he joyfully to himself.

"Now I shall not go without supper to bed."

Peering through a gap in the fence, he looked thoughtfully from one to the other.

"Which shall I take?" mused he.

"Jack is the larger.

"But Puss is the plumper.

"Jack would be the more full-flavoured.

"But Puss would be the more delicate.

"Puss might be the easier to catch.

"But then, if I let Jack go now, I may never find him again, whereas if Puss is left without her mate, she will be easily deceived.

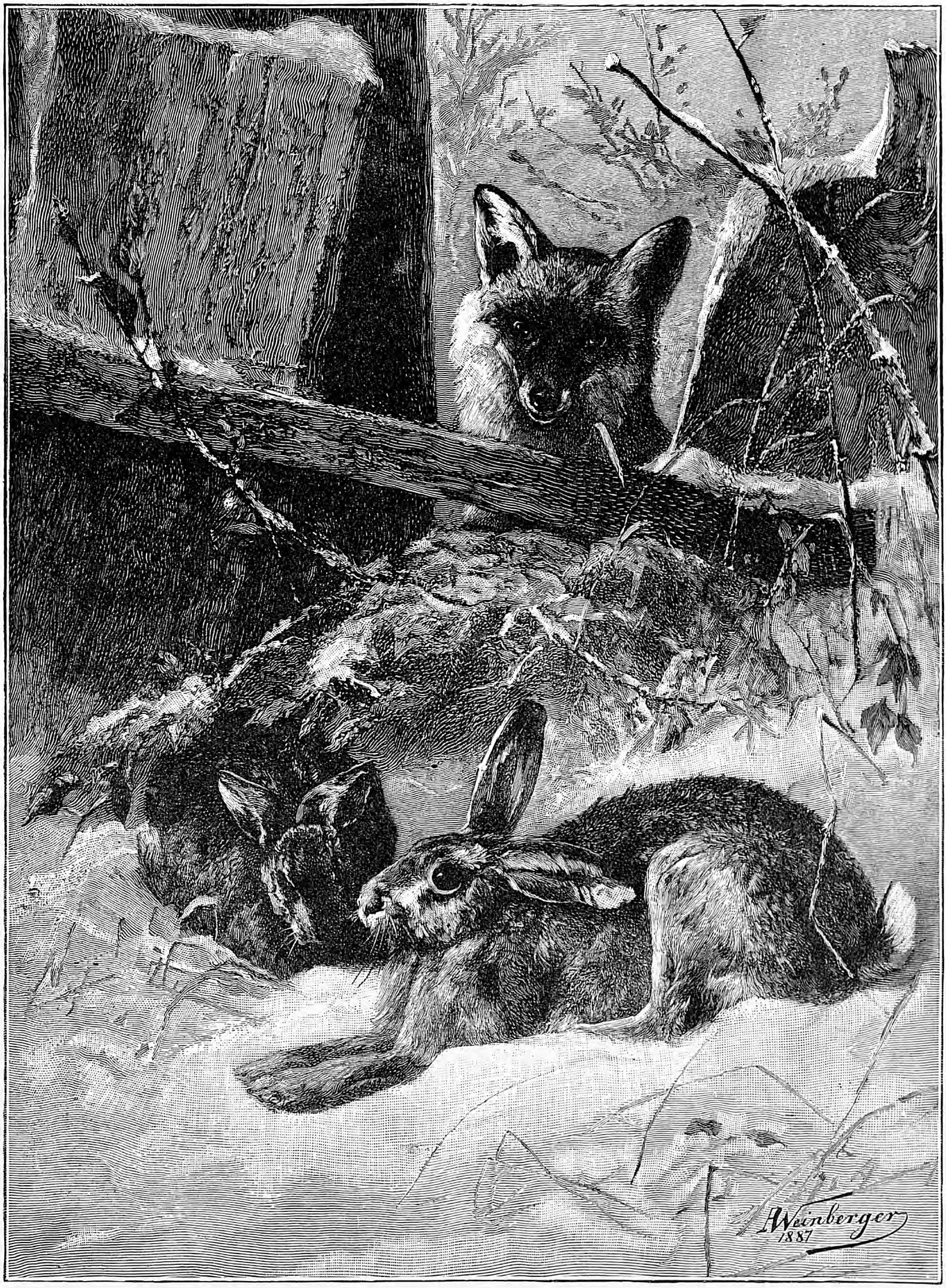
"I think it shall be Jack."

He was about to spring through the gap, when his eye fell once more upon Puss. He paused.

"How fat she is!" thought he; "and how tender she would be! After all, I will choose Puss."

Just then Jack looked round. "A fox! A fox!" squeaked he. In a moment the hares were half-way across the next field.

"I wish I had taken Jack," panted the fox, as he followed far behind.


H Weinberger
1887

"WHICH SHALL I TAKE?"

TURK'S LESSON.

TURK was Tommy's dog, and sometimes she wished she were not.

"It really is too bad," she thought to herself, "to make me sit here, dressed up in this foolish way, when I wanted to be looking after my puppy."

Tommy had dressed her up in a Turk's cap and put a pipe in her mouth, then he had given her his butterfly-net to "guard", and gone away and forgotten all about her. But Turk never thought of disobeying her master's commands, however much she might dislike them.

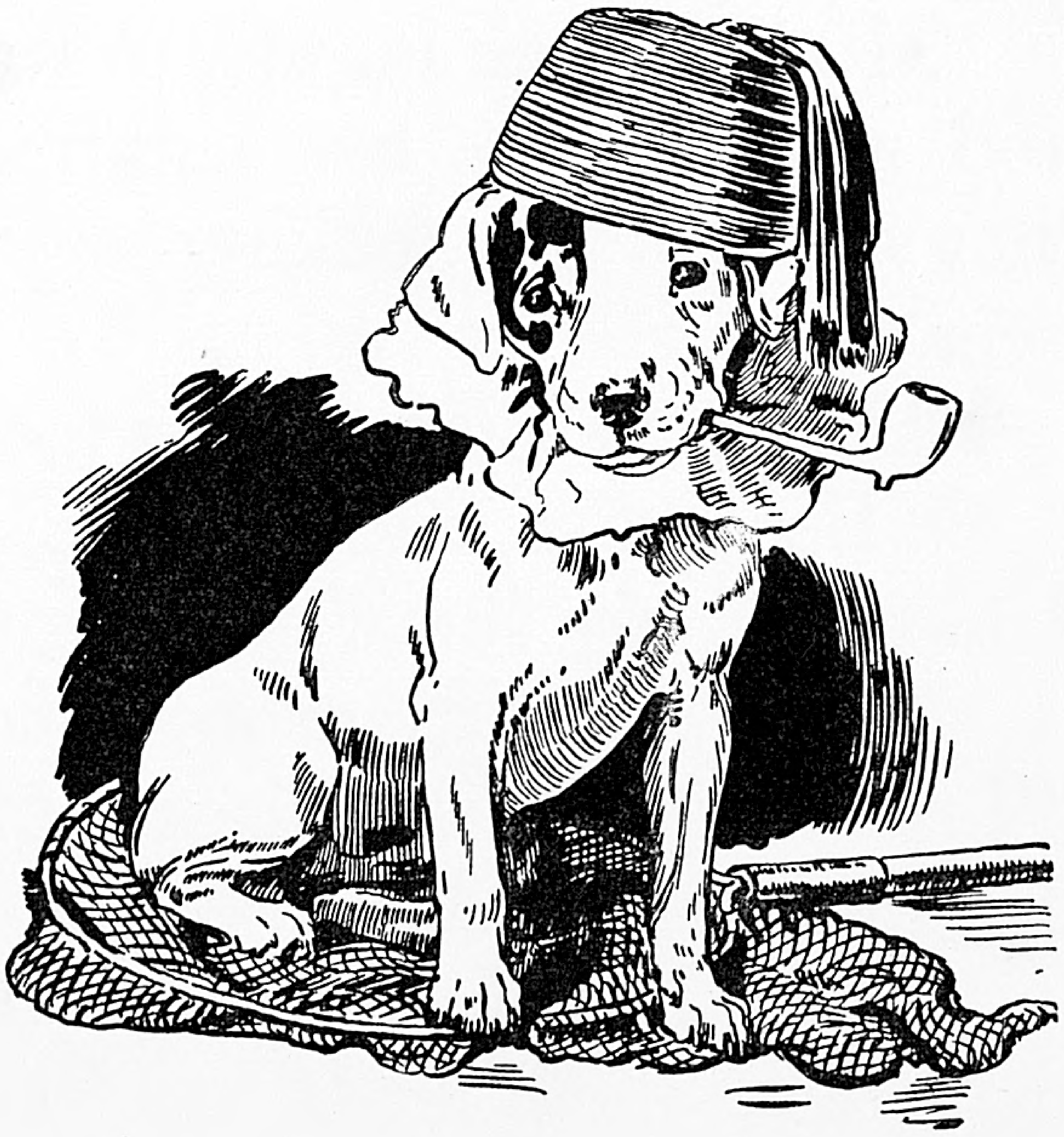
I don't think Turk's name suited her as well as it would have suited her puppy, for she was quiet and well-behaved, which her puppy was not, as you shall hear.

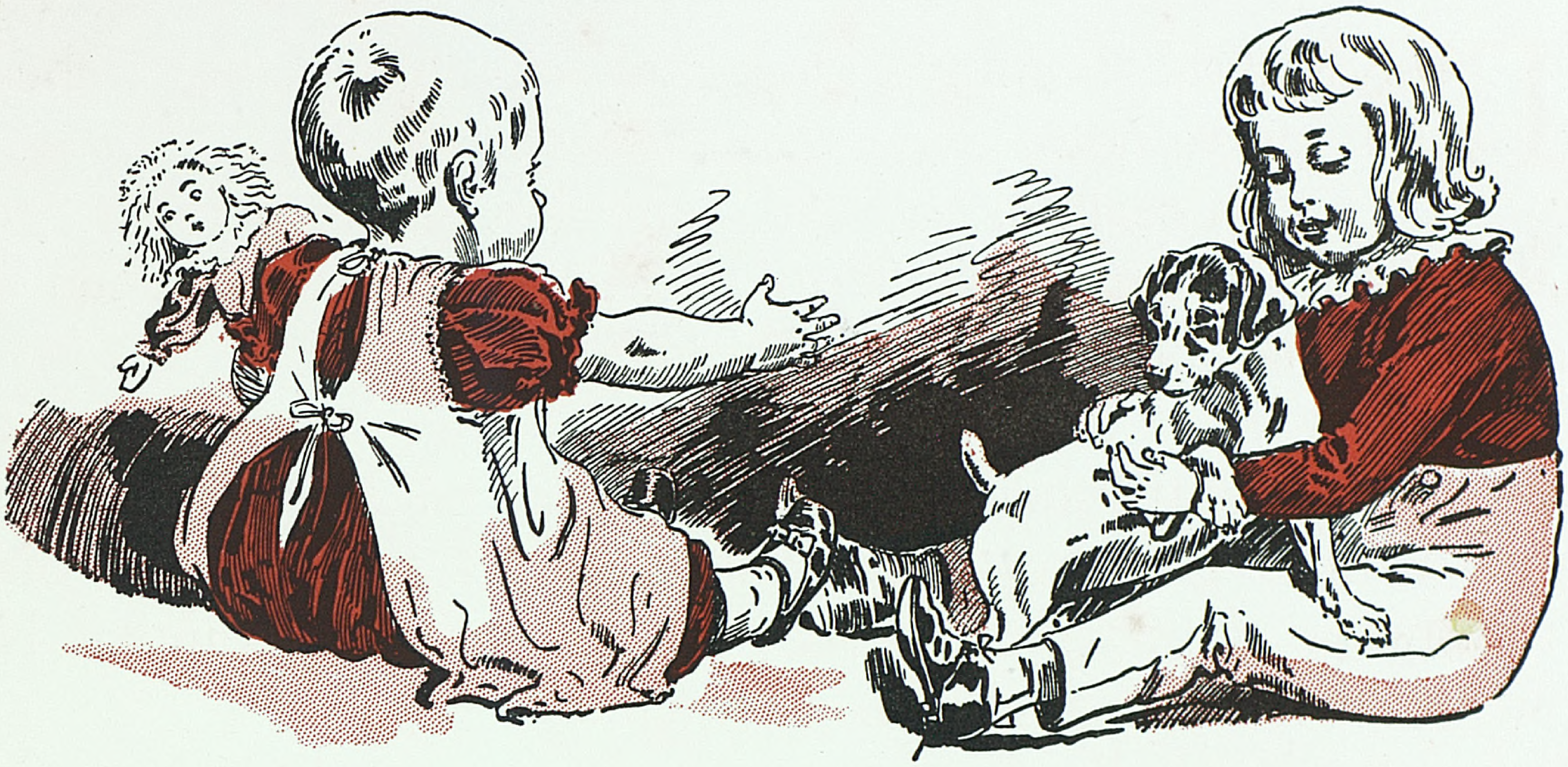
"Baby," said Tommy, "I'm going to teach Turk's puppy some tricks; watch."

Baby sat on the floor, clutching her dolly, whilst Tommy tried in vain to make the puppy sit up on his hind legs, and beg. Suddenly the little dog made a dart, seized the doll, and ran off with it.

"Catch him!" cried baby; "he's dot my dolly."

It was not so easy to catch him, for he ran so fast, and he made straight for Father's study, where the children were





forbidden to go, and carried the dolly in with him. In went the children, too, and in the struggle to recover the lost doll, off came the table-cover, upsetting all Father's papers and sending a stream of ink across the carpet.

Mother came in, too, to see what all the noise was about, and marched the two culprits back to the nursery. There they found Turk, looking very sad, but still keeping "guard" over the net.

"What is Turk sitting there for?" asked Mother.

"Because I told her to," answered Tommy; "and then I forgot to say she was 'off guard'."

"Ah! my little son," said Mother, shaking her head; "I wish you would learn a lesson of obedience from your doggie, you would not need to be punished half so often then."

And when Tommy and Baby had no pudding for dinner that day, they made up their minds to copy Turk in future.

CASSIM AND ZULEIKA.

"CASSIM, my son, take this bowl and carry it to thy brothers and sisters beside the river, and thou canst set the mid-day meal there."

Cassim took the bowl of food and walked out of the house, looking very sulky indeed. He did not like the idea of the long walk in the hot sun down to the river's edge. So he just turned the corner of the house and sat down with the bowl upon his knees.

The meal looked very tempting; it was nicely flavoured, and smelt very good, and Cassim said:

"There will be no harm in eating my share first, I am hungry; and, besides, the bowl will be lighter to carry. I will only eat my just share."

So he began to eat, and very soon he had taken his own share, then another and another spoonful, because it was so good; and I really do not know how much more this greedy little boy would have eaten, if he had not been interrupted.

But his sister Zuleika appeared, carrying a large melon.

"Cassim, see what Father has given us; the others are coming home, and we will have a feast!"

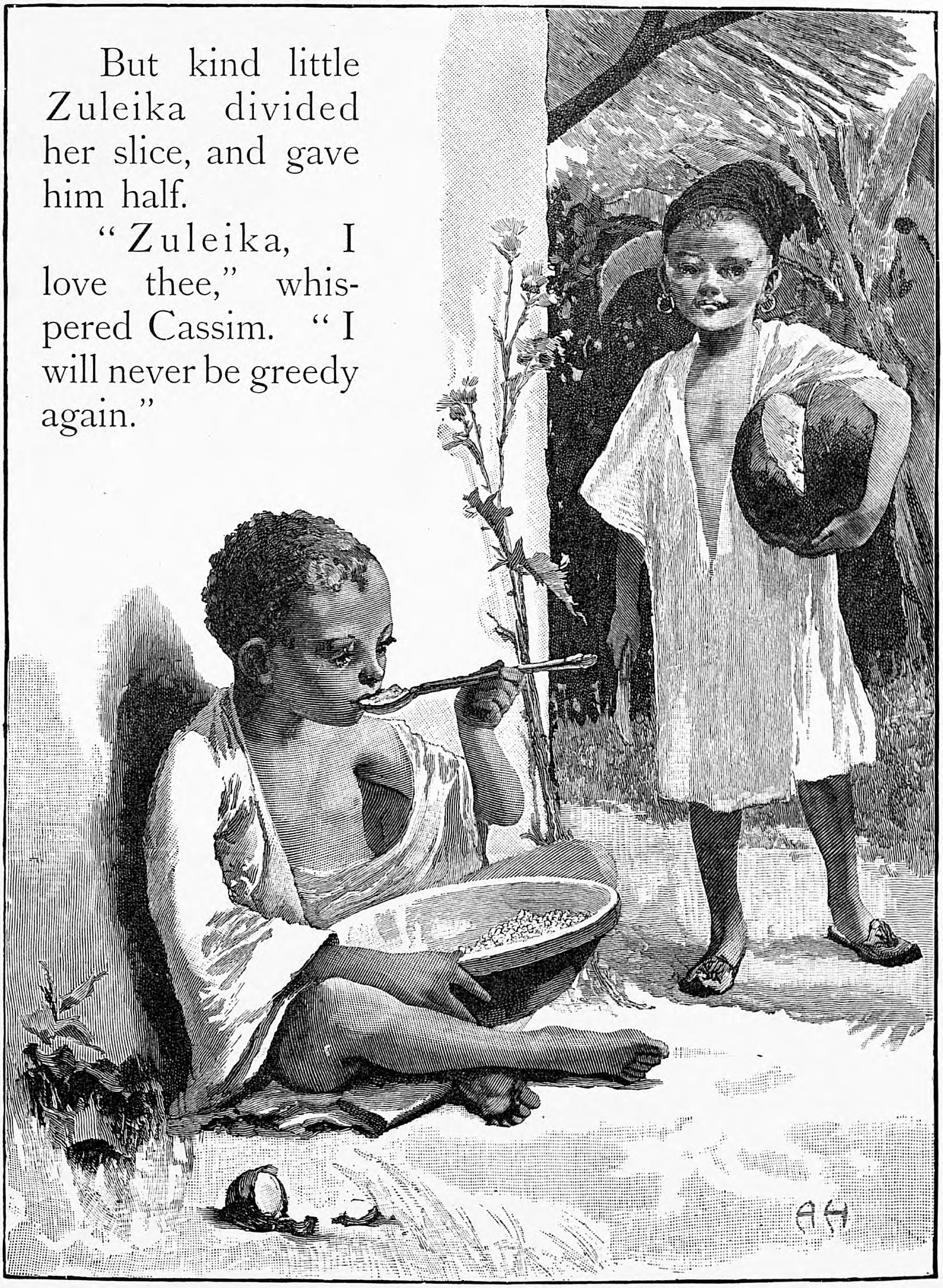
The children's mother came out, and, seeing her greedy boy, said:

"There will be no feast for Cassim, he has feasted already."

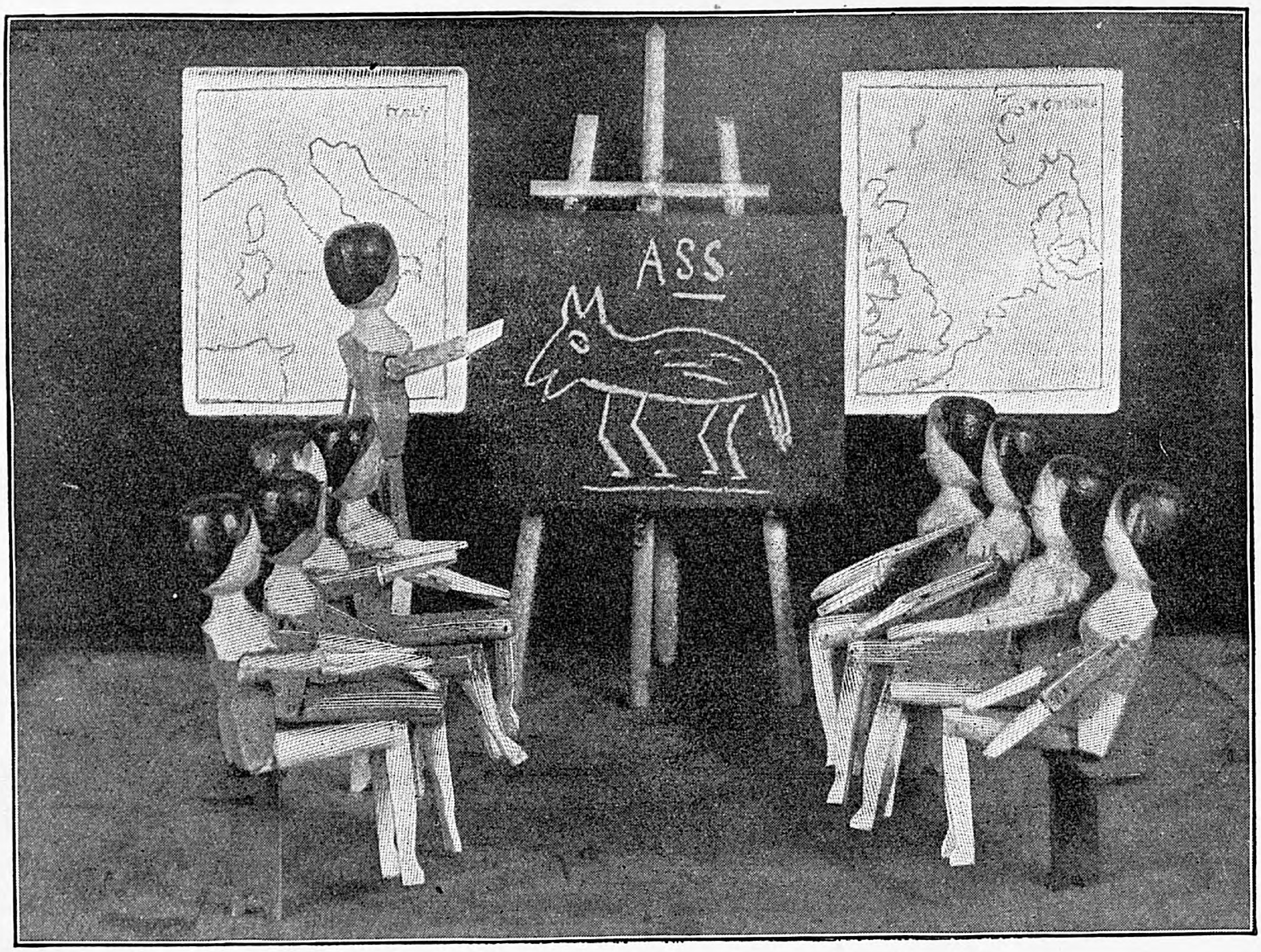
When the other children arrived, she divided the meal amongst them, and gave them a large slice of melon each, but to Cassim she gave none.

But kind little Zuleika divided her slice, and gave him half.

"Zuleika, I love thee," whispered Cassim. "I will never be greedy again."



CASSIM AND ZULEIKA.



THE ART CLASS.

THE Art Class at the Dolly School
Are most attentive as a rule,
The science of anatomy
To them is simple A B C.

At drawing lessons they excel,
And right from wrong can always tell—
Their Art is wooden, it is true;
But then, the Class is wooden too.

—*C. B.*

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